

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## RETURNING SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Along the vale and hill  
Spring weaves her carpet green,  
And pines with a golden heart,  
Sweet pinks and crocuses, upstart  
Among the emerald sheen.

On bough, and shrub, and branch  
Light pinnles now appear;  
How faint and delicate their hues—  
But warmed with sun and wet with dew,  
They'll darken with the year.

Slow gliding through the glen,  
From ivy bowdage free,  
The brook its blue incision lays  
Where fern with drooping willow plays  
In merriment and glee.

The woods, from morn till eve,  
Are choral with the song  
The hardy blackbird gayly sings;  
The air is stirred with glancing wings,  
Which dart in haste along.

Beyond the quiet glade,  
Where rabbits love to rest,  
The grapevine o'er a hawthorn creeps,  
Within whose sheltered bosom sleeps  
A linnet's tiny nest.

O season of the heart,  
Sweet vernal, budding spring,  
Requicken with inspiring breath  
This soul from lethargy and death  
Which sin can o'er it fling.

Cast off thy withered leaves,  
Sad spirit! winter's past;  
Put thy awaiting raiment on,  
And awake thy love for One  
Who loves thee first and last.  
Memphis, Mo.

## ELGARDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY KELLA K. SPENCER.

### PART II.

The family circle met at breakfast, no member of it looking pleased or happy, save Thornton. His face wore a laughing, triumphant expression much at variance with Earle's silence, Elgarde's haughtiness and Sir Falcon's evident displeasure. The old gentleman bent upon the young stranger when she entered and took her place at the table, a look of angry reproach which quickened her blood to resentment, but gave her no opportunity to relieve the excited feelings within her by uttering a word of reproach. He had denied her when she knelt at the door of his study for a morning salutation, afterwards passing her in the hall without deigning to look at her when she would have approached him. Thus a breach was made at once in the friendly relation so lately established—a breach which she felt could not easily be healed, as she sat pondering sadly behind the great old-fashioned silver coffee urn which almost concealed her slight figure. Sir Falcon never once spoke during the meal. Thornton indulged in a few trivial remarks to which Elgarde replied with great effort, but Earle remained as mute as if words were strangers to his lips, his fair brow troubled, and the whole expression of his features inexplicably sad.

It was late in the day before the cousins met again to exchange words. Elgarde sauntered into the library in lonely restlessness, and found Earle reclining in a window, a book open before him, but his eyes shaded with one delicate hand seemingly in deep thought.

She went to his side silently, and laid her hand upon his hair. He looked up at her with a faint smile.

"Have you come at last, Birdie? I am glad of it. How lonely this day has been!" and he sighed heavily.

"Yes, a dreary, dreary day for all the sunshine. Is it always so here? Do the days go by, one by one, so silently in this great castle-like mansion? If so I shall surely pine to death."

"Why have you kept yourself so closely shut up in your chamber?"

"Because I must if I am to please Uncle Falcon, and for your sake, as well as mine, I would gain some influence over him. Earle, is not our uncle very tyrannical?"

"He is exacting. If you please him you must observe all his whims, and they are not few or pleasant. I fear you will never do it, for you are too spirited and self-willed yourself. You will never brook tamely half his demands."

"Ah, I knew what you think—that I have no self-control. Had Thornton said this, I should have grown angry. As it is you who say it, I will only be forthcoming, and if he has any love to win, Uncle Falcon shall love him. Without it, I can never live under this roof, for they will either drive you from me, or me from you, till we are as widely apart as if a wide space lay between us. I mean our persons. In spirit, as

I told you last night, we shall never be separated. All day I have felt the loneliness and sadness which has oppressed you. You have suffered keenly, and it is for my sake. You sorrow to think that a life so young and fresh should be immured in a living tomb—isolated from every congenial association. Is it not true, cousin mine?"

"True as the shadow of my own thought, Garde. By what power do you read me so surely?"

"Sympathetic—which is the truest and best of all inherent powers."

Her hand still lingered on his hair, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the distant stretch of sands skirting the beach. He reached up—imprisoned the little hand and drew her down beside him.

"Sit, Garde, and rest awhile. Sir Falcon is sleeping, and Thornton is out with his gun for an hour's sport in the fields. We have this time to ourselves."

"How shall we employ it?"

"In talking, if you will; or if you prefer it, I will read for you."

"Then read please—what you like best."

He lifted the book upon his knees, turned to a passage marked, and with warm words, from which he read of martyred heroes borne unflinchingly to their death for the Truth's sake. His voice was rich and sweet, and as he read his eyes kindled, his pale cheeks flushed. Elgarde watched and listened with parted lips, her little heart fluttering with a nameless fear deepening with each warm breath sweeping past her cheek as his tongue gave voice to the thrilling story.

"Oh, Earle, hush!" she cried at last, catching the book from his hand. "I cannot bear to hear you read that way. It makes me afraid."

"Little cousin, why?" looking deep into her eyes. She shuddered.

"Would you be a martyr, Earle?"

"For the sake of Truth? If need be—yes!"

"But there is no need, and you shall not sacrifice yourself needlessly," with half passionate vehemence.

"No, I will not," in a quiet, serious tone. "The boon was bestowed for better uses than vain sacrifice—on to work out good, Elgarde. Trust me to preserve my life as his best and richest gift. I shall not throw it aside heedlessly."

"What are you going to do, Earle?"

He laughed lightly.

"If I tell you, you will be astonished—perhaps disgusted."

"Try me."

"Well, I am going to be a doctor, Garde, and his beautiful eyes now probed the depths of her own, dancing with mirth. She answered his expectation by a stare of profound wonder.

"What for—what need? You have a fortune and a title in prospect. I cannot see the wisdom of your choice."

"Garde, my heart yearns to do some good for my kind, and an inert life will not satisfy me. I have no especial calling to the ministry, and should not succeed as a minister. Better men than I could ever be should take upon themselves the great and sacred responsibility of His name. But in my way I may serve, and serve well. I should glory in the toll which day by day should make a warm place for me in some grateful heart. To see languid eyes kindle at my coming, and to hear feeble lips murmur thanks would be reward enough. I can think of nothing nobler than such a life of active good."

"But oh, Earle, how could you bear to dabble in those nauseous doses of medicine; and to be called up in the night through storms of rain and snow, braving it all to see somebody as well perhaps as yourself? This is often a physician's experience."

free myself from the galling fetters. I would almost prefer to be a beggar than what I am."

"Elgarde, you speak with the passion of a strong self-will. Despite not God's gifts, and the wisdom that placed you where you are. Your lot may be one of the truest and brightest. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Whatever else may come to you, it is in your power to help the less fortunate, and in charity you may seek refuge from the many ills that will doubtless beset you. Go among the lowly ones around us here, and be their 'good angel,' as you may be mine. There is no life created but to some purpose. You will not let yours fall aimless."

"But will they let me?" she queried wistfully.

"I fancy you will manage to have your own way whether they choose or not," smiled Earle quaintly. "You have declared it."

"How?"

"In many ways. You will win Uncle Falcon to love you, and if that is done, all is easy. You will do what ever you please."

"You say that as if you doubted my success. But I will! I will! I tell you, Earle, I will. I will make that proud old man love me, and she sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"I will love him so much that he will be forced to yield a return. I will bind myself to his wishes, though they call me to sunny, till he is won. Why not? I am young and full of love. In a thousand ways I can make his happiness, and he is old, tottering on in loneliness to his grave. Oh! Earle, and her sweet voice softened and thrilled through her listener. "I thought about him so much to-day, in spite of the anger his unreasonableness aroused, and my heart melted into pity, even tenderness. I know that I am a fiery, faulty little thing, but I have a heart great and warm with humane feeling. His gray hairs subdue me; his lonely life fills me with compassion. Think of the great love of a strong, earnest man, all thrown back upon himself, while another takes the fairest and loveliest of beings to his heart in the face of his anguish. To Uncle Falcon I will be tender and forbearing, taming myself down, even to his most unreasonable demands, that his last days may be brighter. Earle, if you or I should be shut up for years and years in a dark room, till death came to release us, how glad we should feel to have some kindly hand throw open the prison door that Heaven's light might beam upon us in dying. Shall I not shed the light of a pure love upon him in something, before he walks down to the 'dividing waters' which roll between us and Eternity?"

"Yes, sweet Elgarde. Follow the promptings of your own noble heart. It is even thus I have felt—still feel; but I am powerless. Fate seals the door of his heart to me, and I may not enter; but go you, beautiful ministrant. You cannot fail to win access, and melt with your own matchless warmth the frozen fountains of the old man's heart. I thought last night that he spoke as one athirst for living waters. Give him the cup freely, little one, even if his withered hand stretches itself to put it away in his pride. He will melt and how to the draught finally, and a 'little child shall lead him.'"

His face was aglow with the light that flushed hers, and he stood up at her side, gazing into the deep eyes, alive with a holiness of purpose which made them more beautiful than ever. Unconsciously they moved toward a window, where the sunbeams stole through the curtains and fell athwart their hair like a halo, as they passed with hands clasped, earnestly regarding each other. At that moment Thornton paused upon the threshold, gave a low whistle which startled them, and turning upon his heel, marched off to his own room.

Brought thus suddenly back to the consciousness of that which was most unpleasant, the lights fled from both faces simultaneously, leaving them troubled and dark. Without a word, Earle bent to leave a soft kiss upon her little hand, and then left the library, while Elgarde sought her own chamber.

Nothing could turn Elgarde from a fixed purpose, and having once determined to win her uncle's affection, no effort should be left untied. While dressing for dinner, her thoughts were so absorbed in her good intentions, that she appeared to Ninon to know what colors he loved best.

"White for the summer, lighted up with vivid colors," was the response. "I know it by having to choose my lady's toilette for him when she expected his visit before her marriage with Lord Ellington. She was my former mistress, and your uncle's god-daughter. Her style was like yours—black hair and eyes, with a color that came and went as yours does when you are angry."

Elgarde read this upon the little tablets Ninon used, while the maid was dressing her hair.

"Has she learned to read me already?" was the young girl's thought. "Then, indeed, must I learn to put upon myself a stern watch, else I shall foil my own wishes."

Sir Falcon was seated in his favorite chair, lazily watching a little hummingbird as he tested the sweets of a honeysuckle outside the window, when an airy vision floated into the room, all white and scarlet. The folds of the light gown were drawn aside, and the slender figure, confined at the waist by a floating scarlet sash. At the throat was a simple

spray of scarlet geranium, with a knot of the same brilliant flowers twisted into the purple blackness of her hair. A flital color ebbed and flowed in her cheeks; her eyes were deep and tender.

In a moment, an ottoman was rolled to his side, and the fairy vision, seated upon it, leaned against him, the tender eyes uplifted.

"Uncle Falcon, I am not happy, because I fear that in the very dawn of my existence here I have offended you. I did not mean it, and I do wish to please you. Teach me how. Last night you told me I might love you if I would, and I can do it. But unless you tell me your wishes, I shall not know how to make your happiness, as I so earnestly wish to do. I am an impulsive, willful girl, and unless guided by some fixed principle to a good end, am apt to run into mischief. What would you have me do?"

Her earnest gravity melted him to smiles.

"You have the merit of frankness, and there is truth upon your face, Elgarde. Are you as patient as you are frank and truthful? If so, I can trust you to humor an old man's whims."

"I said but now I am impulsive, yet I can be patient if it will make you happy, and win you to love me. Uncle Falcon, I have been such a lonely little girl all my life—isolated from every kindred thing, that I pine for affection. Give me a share of tenderness with those already dear to you, and I will do your will solely, as far as lies in my power."

Her beautiful face, uplifted in its wistful pleading, touched him sensibly, but his only sign was in a grave look when placing his hand on her shining hair.

"You have only to be less of a child, and more of a woman, then, Elgarde. The pride of womanhood should endow you with dignity befitting your beauty and position. No niece or kin of mine can win favor, with wild ways and boyishish rancings over the country before other people are yet awake. You understand me?"

"Yes, sir," with a sigh for the sunshine and fresh air her own hand was slowly shutting from her sight.

"It is not very dignified to weep, I know; but the air was so fresh and sweet with the odor of flowers; and it was so glorious to see the sun rise from the waters, laughing and dimpling under his kiss, I was tempted. I suppose I shall get used to it after a while, and not care so much. But you don't know what emancipation means, because you have not spent your life in a prison. This is my only excuse. I will try not to offend again."

The sweet childishness of tone and manner would have melted any other heart than Sir Falcon's. A child of Nature pleading the filial love with every look of the earnest eyes, every cadence of the sweet voice, yet for the sake of a human love, hard to win, and fleeing as summer shadows, turning voluntarily from the beloved bosom of the wide beautiful earth, to stand in the gloom and chill of an iceberg! He saw the sacrifice, and a keen sense of pleasure crept within him, but still he gave no sign. The full sweetness lay in the difficulty of her achievement. The years which had crowned him with the snows of declining life, should have softened him to a susceptibility to gentleness rather than power; but the ruling passion of his existence since that sorrowful scene under Italian skies, was strong upon him now, and he rejoiced in that which he held over this sweet young life, knowing that he could bend it to his will, or embitter it forever. Seeing her willingness to submit he would yield it mercifully.

No one will claim this to be an improbable trait, however unnatural. Disappointments so warp the nature of men as to make them callous to human feeling. Had Elgarde been less lovable in her graceful ways and sparkling beauty, her fate must indeed have been a hard one. But she was destined to win sooner than she had hoped, though many a bitter trial of patience and affection waited her in the task.

As the time sped on, Elgarde pursued her object untriflingly, Earle and Thornton spectators, each watching her progress with different feelings. Earle's were of anxiety and eagerness, while Thornton was only amused with what he deemed an impossibility. That the "Butterfly" could ever win a deeper feeling than himself, never came into his thoughts, so he gave himself no trouble about it. In the quiet routine of life forced upon him at the mansion, it was a relief to see her gliding about, taming herself down to a demure foreign to her nature; robing herself with all the care of a mistress anxious to please a lover, and in every way, striving to please Sir Falcon beyond all others.

If he was out, she would watch for his return and meet him with the most bewitching exhibitions of delight. If he chose to sleep in his chair, her hand fanned him. His favorite book he read aloud; his favorite songs were always at hand to be sung when he wished it. Before he was aware of the truth, she had made herself so necessary to his comfort, that he could not bear to have her beyond reach of his voice for an hour. In her earnestness of purpose, she had forced herself upon him and grew into his very life, as a part of it, bending him at length to her will as he had bent her to his own.

As his love for her increased, the influence she had gained over him grew in proportion, and as that influence became fixed and powerful, all

the test of the woman in her nature was used to draw Earle within the charmed circle. Sir Falcon softened and bent to the young man in spite of his efforts to resist, while Earle in his tenderness and nobility of soul, yielded up sympathy and reverence until the two sentiments united and bound him to the old man in devoted affection.

Earle sauntered among the flowers one day near the close of summer, inhaling the sweet, faint odors from showering rose-leaves, when Elgarde came to his side, her bright face radiant with some new delight.

"I know something that will please you, cousin mine," she said, looking at him archly. "Shall I tell you now?"

"At once."

"Uncle Falcon consents to your wish to become a physician. I have talked to him for an hour or more, combating his pride with your nobler principles until he has yielded. If you choose to accept the profession now, he will not object."

Earle's eyes were humid.

"Elin, you can do what no other human being ever did in this place, and you have made it a little Eden, with your bright, angelic presence. Words are tame to express all you make me feel. For me you have obtained the dearest wish of my heart, and I bless you for it. Not yet had I dared to hint what has so long been uppermost in my mind. His pride stood between us, and I know that he would refuse the more readily because of my being his rival brother's son. In this, his pride was morbidly tenacious, and Thornton had nearly offended him beyond repair by negotiating for me, in this pet project."

"Then Thornton tried to win his permission, did he?" asked Elgarde, quickly.

"Yes, about a year ago."

"Has he no pride in the matter?"

"I presume not. He said nothing to me about it."

"Well, Earle, I have an idea that there was something in it, and it may be he wanted to get you out of his way."

"I think not. He could not fear any influence of mine over Uncle Falcon. Don't be unjust to Thornton, Elin."

"No," and a strange little smile curled the pretty lip. "You need not fear me, Earle. I shall do Thornton ample justice in all things. But I have a favor to ask of you now in return for what I have done. Will you grant it?"

"Yes, unconditionally."

"Oh, Earle, you are good! Thank you. My request is, that you make no use of your permission until I say you may. Trust me, dear cousin. I have reasons for wishing this which are good, and I cannot have you go away from here now."

"Will you not explain, Garde?"

She dropped her head slightly, a faint blush tinged her cheek.

"I may be foolish, but to be frank, I am afraid of Thornton. Lately he seeks me as pertinaciously I can scarcely rid myself of him, as you may have noticed. His manner has changed perceptibly, and where he once seemed delighted to annoy and make me angry, he is only solicitous to please. What am I to think of this?"

Earle's brow was dark.

"I cannot answer you, Elgarde. A long time ago, I had a thought with regard to the matter, but since you came, it has passed away. I once believed that you were destined to wed our cousin Thornton."

"Impossible!" with an imperial tone of the proud little head. "No one has a right to dispose of me thus, where the whole future may be blackened forever by the unfitness of the disposal. And to him—never! never will I be given!"

"Hush! That was what I thought in times long gone. Since you came, it was all dispelled by his manner toward you, and Uncle Falcon's seeming indifference to the matter. Thornton has behaved in a most unusual way, and is probably ashamed of himself. Treat him kindly, Elin. You are your own mistress, and can do as you please in matters vital to your happiness."

Her brow cleared.

"You are right. Yet there is one thing more," and again her face saddened.

"What is it?"

"I scarcely know. But it seems to me as if something strange is coming over Uncle Falcon. I have noticed it for several days—an unusual tenderness of manner, with a sort of childlike helplessness which touches me to the heart. He sits so quietly in his great chair, no one would notice it unless forced by overbearing care to do so. But I have noticed that he staggers when he rises to walk, and whenever I move his eyes follow me so wistfully, I am loth to leave his side for a moment. I hope no ill is coming to us, Earle."

"Pray heaven no! Do not be alarmed. You know that he is very old, and must naturally grow feeble."

"Yes," she sighed, "and must naturally die! This home would be dark without him now. I cannot bear to think of it."

As they turned towards the mansion to enter it, a servant came to meet them.

"Master would speak to you at once, Miss. He is in his chamber."



PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1966.

...demand dollars in a speculation in oil stocks. It is following has been around another sell on

Historical Society, No. 100, published by  
Walker & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. H.  
Simpson & Co., and Ashwood & Evans, Phil-  
adelphia.

Switzerland, have forwarded addresses of confidence to the American Government, and to Mr. Lincoln.

By ALFRED DUNSTON,

of white soap, with a moderately stiff  
brush, every morning. A bad mixture of rye and Indian  
corn. **SOX.** answered the third. An answered



## South American Civilization;

Glenn and Olinos at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Aires, Santa Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CORNO.

Brazilian Pests—Reptiles—Insects—Bats—Bugs—Butterflies—Chigoes—Fleas—Domestic Butchery.

While the Brazilian empire, in her wide wealth of fruits and flowers, her boundless varieties of brilliant birds and beautiful scenery, of nature's own immaculate painting, commands the spontaneous admiration of every foreigner visiting the realm, and possessing the least appreciation of the magnificence presented, in the same ratio the animal and insect pests of this South American Eden land begot the disgust, become the utter horror and detestation of every stranger remaining six months a resident of the interior regions.

Almost every individual of the reptile or insect world in Brazil, bites, stings, or in some manner wounds, and all are more inimical to man than reptiles or insects in any other portion of the habitable globe. Let us draw a few brief sketches of some of these tropical pests, exaggerating nothing, by the faintest tint of coloring.

A resident of the tropical rural regions, who retires to your couch, and, perhaps fatigued, falls into a profound, refreshing sleep. In an hour or so your slumber becomes disturbed, you grow restless, awake with an icy shiver, leap out of bed with a yell of terror, and down at your heels tumbles a semi-torpid snake, whose bite is so venomous, that had he struck his fangs into your flesh you would not have survived an hour. Chilled by the cool night air, the hideous serpent has by instinct sought the grateful warmth of your bed, and laid himself out at full length next your bare skin, as if he were your "bosom friend." Pressed upon and rolled about as roughly as you would, and during the night he would not have bitten you, and are you were astir in the morning he would have quietly withdrawn. Come within his reach by daylight, and his poisonous fangs would be struck into your flesh like lightning. The natives declare that these venomous snakes will never, under any provocation, bite a person with whom they have once slept. I had one for a bedfellow once; but although I found him under the bed in the morning, I did not care to put his daylight friendship to the test, and am therefore unable to endorse the declaration.

Upon a sultry, scorching day, you take a fancy to have a cool, delicious bath. There is a magnificent pool of crystal water, three feet, perhaps, in depth, bordered with hard, brilliant sand, with little fairy islands of beautiful aquatic plants dotting its surface, all its borders overhung with graceful tropical foliage, and enchantment woe you to the grateful bath. Disrobed, you enter the elysian pool, wading complacently towards its centre, and then directly, with a scream of terror, you splash and founder towards the shore again. A hideous jaguar, bristling like a porcupine, with jaws like a man-eating shark, launches out from his lurking place under one of those tiny islets, and makes a rush at you. Avoiding the monster, you dash towards the bank, and suddenly some infernal black thing, all heads and horns, raps through between your bare legs, lacerating the skin and flesh, as if a mad cat had been dragged over it by the tail.

Scrambling out on terra firma, in thrashing through the pendant foliage, you arouse nine millions of venomous gnats and nondescript atoms of winged pestilence, that pounce in legions upon your nakedness, biting as they alight, and blistering as they bite. Disposed to enjoy an afternoon's out-door exercise, you stretch yourself out in the inviting shade of an orange grove, fall asleep, and inaugurate a glorious dream of another Eden. Directly "a change comes over the spirit of your dream," and starting on end, wide awake, you find clinging to the end of your nose a great red abomination, a fair cross between a land-crab, hornet and caterpillar. With two long legs, terminating in curved points as hard as steel, he has hooked into your nether lip to steady himself, while he holds securely to the tip of your nose with two stout claws like a juvenile lobster's, and thus attached, he is exploring your nostril with a long, hairy antennae, tickling you almost into a shout of laughter, while you are absolutely shuddering with horror.

A huge old scorpion of the regular hard-shell persuasion, has made an excursion up the leg of your pantaloons, and becoming somehow entangled and enraged, is wallowing about in his prison, and stinging you at the rate of forty times a minute.

Your head is peopled with ten different races of bugs and insects, all busily surveying the newly discovered territory, and waging war upon each other for choice of localities. Ticks are clinging, pendant from every square inch of exposed surface, and ants of as many breeds as are the dogs of our sea-coast cities, are swarming all over and under your clothing.

Pleasant finale to a half-hour's out-door afternoon nap—don't you think so? Of Brazilian beetles, the variety is almost infinite, ranging in size from a mere speck to the formidable dimensions of three-and-a-half inches in length, with proportionate breadth and depth of body. Many of the varieties are very beautiful bugs, but they are all tropical humbugs. Put no faith in them. Every beetle of them all will bite.

Very common in several portions of the country is a great dusky, hideous, horrible looking bat, spreading a breadth of wing almost equal to that of our tame pigeons. This nocturnal vagabond affects your close personal intimacy at early dawn, almost as much as the snake which crawls into your bed do at night. He will sit up under your *pajama*, dive into your pocket, or ensconce himself in your bosom, if he but finds the opportunity. But beware his intimacy. If he but secures a lodgment, and is permitted to remain but five minutes, there will have gone forth from him myriads of atomic blue lice, who run rapidly over your whole person, their bite stinging like a scourge of nettles, and you can no more rub or brush them off than you can the white flecks that sometimes appear upon the finger nails. The only ridance from these detestable vermin is some strong acid, that burns the skin almost as cruelly as it does the lice.

Setting aside the beetle race, the bugs proper

of Brazil are so numerous, that to name them individually were an impossibility here, and to class and describe them would require an entire encyclopedia. About one-third of them all, I suppose, are innocent enough bugs, beetles, and beautiful fellows, as long beauty is esteemed, while the remainder are hideous, infamous and pestiferous.

Traverse these immense lanes of the Amazon and its thousand tributaries, or wander over those vast meadows of the Great Central Basin, where summer reigns eternal, and flowers bloom continually, and the eye becomes enchanted with the bewildering magnificence of countless millions of brilliant butterflies, everywhere flitting and glancing in the sunlight, like gorgeously spangled glories.

Varying in dimensions, from the size of an ordinary moth miller, to that of a broad winged bird, and of every conceivable shade and color, from pure white to glossy black, and millions of them most beautifully variegated, the some is one of indescribable splendor.

Among all these butterfly wonders there is one magnificent fellow, who, I think, must be of the butterfly blood royal. Among the largest of the ephemeral beauties, his broad wings expanding fully eight inches in stretch from tip to tip, are of regal purple, and in the centre of each he bears a gilded cross, two inches in length, the golden bar being a quarter of an inch wide, while the transverse section is a triple width, and an inch and a quarter in length. Above the head of the cross is a "glory," also in gold, and the whole design is as beautifully wrought as anything that ever artist's graver or pencil achieved.

Unfortunately for the fair fate of this royal butterfly he is a truculent, combative fellow, and bites viciously like the sting of a hornet.

One of the most troublesome and tormenting of all the tropical pests is the *chigoe*—usually called "jiggers;" though as they abound only in sandy territories, they are far less common than a great many other Brazilian murderers of comfort.

The *chigoe* in his abject existence is but an insignificant atom—a mere point. A black speck scarcely visible to the naked eye. But once attached to humanity, he soon makes his enlarged proportions seen and felt.

For a few moments the *chigoe* clings to the surface, almost always selecting the toe and finger ends, close to the side of the nail, as the scene of his depredation; then he thrusts his sharp pointed head into the orifice, and rapidly buries himself beneath, dives into the flesh, scoops out for himself a circular cavity which in a few days his increased growth entirely fills. At this time he has the dimensions and appearance of a grain of white Indian corn boiled and hulled, and may be readily removed with the point of a knife with little pain. But if suffered to remain undisturbed he soon burrows deeper, reaching the bone, he attaches himself firmly to it, lays five hundred eggs, establishes a *chigoe* colony—a passage to the surface is opened, the part becomes inflamed and painful, removal of the pestilential intruder becoming extremely painful and difficult, and amputation of the joint is frequently a necessity. I have seen careless negroes, and sometimes people of lighter complexion, who inhabit the sandy coast regions, and habitually go about barefoot, entirely careless, their feet puffed up like a ball, and as full of holes as a sponge, all from their neglect to hunt out and remove the "jiggers" in season.

The pest of flies is more annoying than the *chigoe*, because more universal. Flies are everywhere, and at all seasons. No retreat is secure from their everlasting invasion. Outdoors, and in—everywhere, they swarm in countless millions. Your delicious soup is thickened with flies. Flies immolate themselves by scores in your stews and pastry sacrifices themselves in yielding butter and cups of fragrant coffee, until the surface is black with them. They float in grease, milk, or anything liquid, until they have punctured it with their drowned carcasses. "Bats"—everywhere, bats, are the only efficient defences to secure you from the endless, persevering intrusion of the plague of flies.

Only imagine a condition that in Brazil is too frequently a fact. You sit down to dine, and would sup a plate of your favorite savory soup, from which you have carefully skimmed its covering of self-immolated flies. Opening your mouth to imbibe a spoonful of the beverage, in rush a squad of the greedy insects, sticking, struggling to tongue and palate until the semi-scalding fluid floods them, still kicking and struggling into your stomach. In brief you literally "eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies."

Leaving in disgust the reptile and insect pests of this beautiful land, let us take a cursory survey of the practical ingenuity and general economy of domestic pork butchery among the Brazilians.

Though everywhere, throughout the empire, from the Amazon to the Rio Grande, hogs abound in profusion, and very frequently are found in capital condition, there are no hog-killing establishments to be found in the United States, no fattening of pork for sale, and it is rarely indeed that in any of the cities or larger towns north of the Province of *Sao Paulo* one sees a bit of pork for sale in any of the markets.

And yet pork is extensively eaten throughout the country. In all the interior regions, every family fattens a fine hog or two for home consumption, and pork making in towns and villages is much more common than it is in this country.

Whether the Brazilian's practice of slaughter is an improvement upon the Cincinnati system or not, admits, I think, of several doubts. But certainly the ingenuity of the thing is worthy of notice, and its novelty a source of amusement to any one who sees it practised for the first time.

Usually, four stout pigs are driven securely into the ground, at distances corresponding to that of the animal's feet when something extended, both lengthwise and laterally, to those pegs the porker's feet are firmly tied with shreds of raw hide, utterly precluding the possibility of his running away, falling down, or in any manner interfering with the operations of his manifold murderers.

Thus immovably fixed in position, the pig is subjected to a miscellaneous bleeding process. The butchers go to him *en famille*; so many as there may be, father, mother, sons, daughters, and toddling *mucha* *chico* scarcely taller than the pig himself, each armed with some pointed instrument, and a vessel of some sort to the secure the blood; and simultaneously they fall to stabbing, prodding, and boring holes into the agonized porker, whose shrill screams are echoed by laughter and animated cries from the bipody revellers, who place the fattened animal at every conceivable point where a drop of

blood is to be obtained, and at many where there is not, until they have drained his veins of the last particle of crimson, leaving him there a steaming, bloodless, lifeless pig.

Once in the beautiful little village of Villa Rica, on the shore of the Parana River, early one morning, a young American friend, who was staying with me, and myself, were both aroused by the shrill screams of a martyr pig, the cry coming from the garden of our next-door neighbor, Dona Isabella Ximenes. Our garden being and being in common, my friend and myself, just in readiness to set off on a morning hunt, took the garden in one way, that I might show my North American friend the progress of "South American Civilization," as exemplified in pork killing.

There was a famous pig, staked out, as above described, and there was Dona Isabella, and her four very pretty, dark-eyed, olive-checked daughters, officiating as priestesses at the porcine altar.

Dona Isabella, the eldest daughter, provided with a bent and rusty bayonet, had secured a dribbling stream from piggy's shoulder, which she was receiving in a china vase. Zebekina had pierced the animal's flank with a pair of scissors, extracting a few struggling drops, which she was eager to secure in a great, long-handled, iron frying-pan. Angela was groping into the poor porker's back with an old, dull, flannel-chisel, eagerly seeking blood, which she would serve when found in a silver soap-tureen. Little Dona Paulina was twisting vigorously, trying to worm a corker into pig's ham, and had at hand a great conch shell for the reception of the sanguine fluid—provided she should find any.

And there was the obese chief priestess, Dona Isabella, in one hand a formidable rapier—that might have seen service in the days of the Old—with which she was vainly seeking to probe piggy's jugular.

Pausing for a brief space to admire the animated scene, we went our way, with piggy's piercing shrieks ringing in our ears until we lost them in the distance.

On our return, towards nightfall, there was weeping and lamentation in the house of Dona Isabella Ximenes, because piggy "was not." Upon inquiry, we learned that the victim, impatient of the protracted torture, and driven to desperation, had wrenched the pegs from the ground and escaped.

Four or five days afterwards, the lost pig was discovered in a bit of oozy marsh, a mile from the village, dead, swollen, and utterly worthless.

## A Prayer for Landlords.

The following prayer, applicable to the present time, is said to have been formerly used in the Primer, or book of Private Devotions, used by the Reformed Church until the secessions of Queen Mary of England:—The earth is thine, oh Lord, and all that is contained therein; notwithstanding thou hast given the possession thereof to the children of men to pass over the time of their pilgrimage in this vale of tears. We heartily pray thee to send the Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds, pastures, and dwelling places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be thy tenants, may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes, after the manner of worldlings, but so let them show out to others, that the inhabitants thereof may be able both to pay the rent and also honestly live to nourish their family and to relieve the poor. Give thou them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in the world, having no dwelling place, but seeking one to come, that they, remembering the short continuance of their life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others, but so behave themselves in letting out their tenement, lands and pastures, that after this life they may be received into an everlasting dwelling place, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE DUTY OF A MODERN LADY'S MAID.—A writer, signing himself "Abigail," writes as follows to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London:—

"There is yet another important part of a finished lady's maid's duty, which is commonly thought to be a novelty, but it is, in fact, only a revival. She must be a competent artist in pastel painting, on (not from) the life; and a proficient in the use of cosmetics, paints, and dyes; so general is the use of rouge for the cheeks, Kohl and antimony for the eyelids, pastel for the eyebrows, balladonna to drop into the eye to increase the size of the pupil, bistre to stain the eyelids, blue for veining the temples, bloom of Nyon and blanc de perle for the general skin, and various acid dyes to discharge the natural color of the hair and turn it of the fashionable 'palma vecchia' reddish yellow. Most of these beautifiers need a skillful hand to apply, and are by no means safe when employed. Yet so frequent is the use of them by ladies, young as well as old, that a finished maid is expected to know how to put them on and how to get them off again, which last is not always so easy."

The Duke of Wellington once lost his temper with the pragmatic imbecility of one of his colleagues in a certain British administration, so far as to say of that venustous personage, "He is intolerable because he is educated beyond the calibre of his brain." The Duke's description fits a large class of people whom it is the tenacity of modern life to thrust into an unnatural prominence; a class so large as to have wrung from Carlyle the sardonic declaration that "all Christendom is in conspiracy for the promotion of fools."

The city of New Orleans, it has been recently discovered, is built upon the most magnificent foundation on which a city ever rose. It was the boat of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic, on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons; but our Venice has not less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew; and the eminent Sir Charles Lyell expresses his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp before the upper could grow upon it.

The statement going the rounds of the press, that President Lincoln told somebody that he was of Jewish descent, has for its origin simply this: Mr. Lincoln, talking with a Rabbi, jokingly remarked that he (Lincoln) was probably of Hebrew stock, as his father had three sons who were named Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

## The Inventor of the Cotton Gin.

Ell Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, was born in Westbury, Massachusetts. He graduated at Yale College, New Haven, in 1792. Young and adventurous, he sought the South, and arrived at the very spot (Savannah) where General Sherman recently arrived, and with such the same motive—that he would serve his country and himself best by foraging in that sunny clime. He resided in the family of Mrs. General Greene, who was his patroness. There he contrived many little inventions, and was struck with the utter want of anything to clear cotton with. The seeds were picked out by hand. The planters saw the utility of cotton, but it was likely to be a very costly product. It must be remembered that cotton was just beginning to be planted. We never exported a bale before 1790. Whitney saw the difficulty, went to work, and invented the cotton gin. But how was Whitney to make cotton gins? Savannah was the last place to manufacture anything in. But he knew a land rich in mechanical skill. So he went back to New Haven, Connecticut, and made his gins there. Then he went back to the South and began to sell them. He had a patent, of course; but who could patent the right to create wealth beyond the dreams of avarice? The machine was a simple one, and on all sides piracy commenced, and Whitney was likely to lose the fruits of his invention. He commenced suits, but the juries would give him no damages. In this state of things, South Carolina, which, with all its perversions and perversities, has some noble qualities, gave him \$50,000 for that state. It was all he ever got, and most of that was lost in litigation. Tired of such a controversy, he again turned his steps to New Haven, and his inventive powers to a new subject. He invented improvements of decided value in the manufacture of fire-arms. The government recognized his services, and gave him a contract for ten thousand stand of muskets. He was for several years completing this contract, which he did in the most perfect manner. In the beginning of the war of 1812, and under the influence of Mr. Madison, he got a new contract for thirty thousand stand of arms. To fill these contracts, he built his factory at Whitneyville, two miles from New Haven. These were in the most perfect order, and he was the first man who adopted a perfect division of labor in the manufacture of arms, having each piece made separately, by different workmen, and then put together.

Made wealthy by his inventions, Ell Whitney built a spacious and handsome mansion on that beautiful "green" at New Haven, which none ever saw but to admire—within two squares of Yale College—where, a young student, his genius first plumed its wings. There, too, he was within the shadow of those lofty elms, which, when he was a student, James Hillhouse (the Senator) had planted with his own hands; hence, too, he was carried to the "new burying ground" the first cemetery in the United States, laid out with a view to ornament, and that was derived by James Hillhouse. There lies Ell Whitney, with many another whose genius and whose works have adorned the annals of the country.—*Cincinnati Times*.

## Magnesium Light in the Pyramids.

Professor C. P. Smyth says, writing from the East Tomb, Great Pyramid:—"The magnesium wire light is something astounding in its power of illuminating difficult places. With any number of wax candles which we have yet taken into either the King's Chamber or the Grand Gallery, the impression left on the mind is merely seeing the candles and whatever is very close to them, so that you have small idea whether you are in a palace or a cottage; but burn a triple strand of magnesium wire, and in a moment you see the whole apartment, and appreciate the grandeur of its size and the beauty of its proportions. This effect, so admirably complete, too, as it is, and perfect in its way, probably results from the extraordinary intensity of the light, apart from its useful photographic property, for, side by side with the magnesium light, the wax candles looked not much brighter than the red granite of the walls of the room. . . . Whatever can be reached by hand is chipped and hammered, and fractured to a frightful degree; and this maltreatment by modern man, combined with the natural wear and tear of some of the softer stones under so huge a pressure as they are exposed to, and for so long duration, has made the measuring of what is excessively tedious and difficult, and the concluding what was, in some cases, rather ambiguous."

A statement of the issues of the seventy-third bonds is now circulating through the newspapers, whose inaccuracies we are requested to correct. Congress in July, 1864, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow four hundred millions in such form as he deemed best. Of this amount, \$100,000,000 was issued as 10-40s, \$70,000,000 as 5-20s, and the balance, \$230,000,000, as 7-30s. On the 2d of March, 1865, Congress authorized a further loan of six hundred millions. Seventy millions of this was taken and added to the \$230,000,000 of seven-thirties issued under the act of July, 1864.

An unsophisticated countryman, the other day, coming to Washington, saw a military officer, followed at a respectful distance by two orderlies, in full gallop. "Good gracious!" said he, "haven't they caught him yet? I was in about three weeks ago, and they was a runnin' after him then."

At the Northwestern Sanitary Fair, soon to be held in Chicago, a dressing case, sent from Europe, will be on exhibition, to be presented to the prettiest girl in Chicago. The competition will assuredly be a lively one.

Mrs. E. T. Porter Hesch, author of *Pelayo*, a poem of the Moorish times, has received from the Queen of Spain a gift of a massive gold bracelet, adorned with a crown of diamonds, bearing the cipher of the Queen. It was accompanied by a letter acknowledging her pleasure at the receipt of the poem.

The rebel ex-Governor Extra Billy Smith took flight from Richmond on horseback, when that city was evacuated, and, while riding up the tow-path of the James river canal, his horse balked, tumbled, and plunged into the water, with Smith under him. For a few moments it seemed as if Extra Billy had found his last ditch, but he finally escaped to the tow-path, wet, bruised, and exhausted, and minus his hat.

The "old maid," one of the immense red wood trees in the famous grove in Calaveras county, California, fell down not long ago. It was 935 feet in length, and 35 in diameter at the foot.

## LATEST NEWS.

## CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

He Attempts to Escape in Faintest Disguise.

Jeff. Davis and his staff were captured by Col. Pritchard, with a detachment of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, on the 10th, at Irwinville, in Irwin county, Georgia, seventy-five miles south-east of Macon. It appears that the 4th Michigan and 1st Wisconsin, which cost us two men killed, and six wounded. The firing alarmed Davis, and he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and made for the woods. Some of his cavalrymen, discovered Davis's boots on the supposed female, and as Jeff was captured. He drew out a bowie knife and showed fight, but a few revolvers presented to him soon settled that point. Davis's family and Postmaster Regan were also taken. Mrs. Davis, marked to Colonel Hadden, after the excitement was over, that the men had better not provoke the President, or he might meet some of 'em.

The court-martial engaged in the trial of the parties implicated in the assassination plot, agreed on Saturday that the proceedings should be published.

The Army of the Potomac has all arrived in the defenses south of the Potomac, and Gen. Meade has established his headquarters at Fort Albany.

Demonstrations of sympathy for the death of President Lincoln continue throughout England.

The order for mustering out the Pennsylvania troops shortly to arrive in the state has been fixed as follows:—Those organized in the eastern portion of the state will be paid and mustered out at Philadelphia; those organized in the centre at Harrisburg, and those organized in the western portion of the state at Pittsburg.

Three men and a woman have been arrested for wilful desecration of the tombstones and gravesites in Woburn (Conn.) Cemetery. The pecuniary damage they have done is said to amount to \$15,000.

A gentleman talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation:—"I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; was published to her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather."

There is a Methodist preacher out west whose praise is thus sounded by a contemporary:—"I have repeatedly heard the most famous men in America, but there are times when the flame of his pulpit looks like the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men."

Mystery magnifies danger, as the fog the sun: the head that unsundered Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body; and death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not.

The Evening Post, Tribune, Herald, Times, Journal of Commerce, Commercial Advertiser, World, and News of New York, all contain articles disapproving of the trial of the conspirators by a secret military court. A civil court, with open sessions, is almost universally approved by the press and the public.

The work of retrenchment is being pushed forward rapidly. All volunteer cavalrymen whose terms expire before October 31st, and all infantry soldiers in Grant's or Sherman's armies, whose terms expire before May 31st, are to be mustered out at once. Cavalry regiments are to be disbanded and paid off at the places where they were raised.

The surrender of Dick Taylor's rebel army, on May 4, is confirmed by official news from General Canby. It surrendered at Citronelle, Mississippi, a short distance northwest of Mobile.

An old hunter of South-Western Texas, who had long had a pet panther of great size and ferocity, was recently attacked in his cabin by Indiana. He let them gain the lower part of the house, and then let the panther loose among them, he being safely perched upon the chamber floor, through the crevices of which he could fire upon his foes, and watch the progress of events. But after the first howl and spring of the panther no Indians remained except three killed by the brute, and one shot by the old hunter. The rest disappeared, probably never to return.

If a person's right hand itches, it is a sign that he will soon scratch it. The same applies also to the left.

CHEAP LIGHT.—A London lamp manufacturer claims to have invented a lamp which will burn magnesium wire. By burning a strip of zinc in conjunction with two strips of magnesium, he is able to reduce the cost of the light two-thirds. He predicts that in the course of time it will be possible to illuminate a street a mile long at the rate of a half-penny an hour. The people who are paying three or four dollars a thousand for gas will like to see Mr. Grant's prediction speedily realized.

Byron clearly spoke of our cavalry hero when he said:

Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,  
And turn to all of him which may remain,  
Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,  
And broke the die in moulding BRITANNIA.

Homer makes the following allusion to Ulysses S. Grant:

Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought,  
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield,  
Great in the council, glorious in the field!  
Generous he rises in the state's defence,  
To curb the factious tongue of insolence,  
Such examples on offenders shown,  
Rediton silence, and assert the throne.

The commercial travellers in England, have now seized upon photography, and pressed it into their service. On one side of a card is the usual notice about "our Mr. —" will have the pleasure of calling upon you, etc., and, on the other, the photographic *fac simile* of Mr. himself, samples in hand. The idea might be advantageously carried out as regards collectors of accounts, so as to prevent the wrong "parties" calling for the tradesmen's little bills.

It is stated in California papers that neither gold, silver, copper or any other mineral of value which has been found in that state, was discovered by a scientific geologist, though many of them had travelled over the ground where they were afterwards obtained. Neither have scientific men ever been useful in discovering large deposits of these articles.







## THE SWORD ON THE WALL.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

Yonder it hangs on the lonely wall—  
The winds go sighing around the eaves,  
And the sickly sunbeams faint and fall  
Against its sheath through the dying leaves.  
It hangs at rest all the long, long day,  
And the mournful shadows fall earliest there;  
Above it, a withered wreath of bay,  
Below it—only a vacant chair.

The stars shine out o'er the upland pines,  
On frosty meadow and foaming ford,  
And their cold eyes look through the lattice  
Vines  
At the dull grey wall and that lonely sword.  
It rattles, sometimes as the autumn gale  
Sweeps madly over the stubble land,  
And the arrowy moonlight, wan and pale,  
Falls white on the hill, like a spirit-hand.

Oh, the sun shone fair when he rode away,  
And the clover blossomed along his track—  
Steed and rider and sword as gay,  
Went proudly out through the golden day—  
Three—but the sword alone came back—  
From the rivers of bright blood, newly split,  
From the hell of fire and the grape-shot's rain,  
And the cold hand, stiffened around its hilt,  
Lonely, the sword returned again!

There is rust, you see, on the shining blade  
And the dinted scabbard, where blind, hot  
tears

Welcomed the glittering trophy, laid  
To a quiet rest for the coming years;  
Ah, the shriek of the shell, and the cannon's  
rag

May still make music under the sun,  
But the steel he loved—a lifetime thing,  
Hangs yonder to-day, with its red work done.

So our voices sink to a whispered prayer,  
As we turn to look at the dull grey wall,  
And the bay, half withered, that rustles there  
As the winds at the lattice rise and fall;  
And the earthy clouds of the solemn night  
Pour down their torrents, laden and grey,  
While we sit and dream by the dying light  
Of a grave in the trenches far away.

Sleep, gallant head, where the rank grass waves,  
And the black creek sighs to its rustling  
reeds.

We keep, afar from that place of graves,  
The green, green memory of your deeds.  
Oh, the sun shone fair when he rode away,  
And the clover blossomed along his track—  
Steed and rider and sword as gay,  
Went proudly out through the golden day—  
Three—but the sword alone came back!

## The Loves of Beethoven.

There is a prevalent idea that no man can be a great musician or a great poet without having been in love. As most men have a preference some time in the course of their lives, there does not appear to be any reason why these should form an exception to the rule. The question whether Beethoven was ever in love has, it seems, been warmly disputed by his biographers. Baron Ernoy seems to have set the question at rest in a recent article published in the "Revue Contemporaine," that is, so far as assertion goes, and if he has not been misled by Dr. Wegeler.

His first love, it seems, was Jeannette d'Honrath, of Cologne. This young lady is described as fair, of an affectionate character, and endearing manners. She used occasionally to come to Bonn to visit a family there to whom Beethoven was known, and this led to his forming an attachment to her. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the young lady no longer received the addresses of a captain in the Austrian service than she discarded her musical admirer; and yet he was not a man altogether unworthy of being regarded with favor by a lady from a merely physical point of view in his young days. He had not then the stern, unattractive expression of countenance which characterizes the portraits taken of him in middle age. Safford, who knew him well in his youth, says he was then of the middle height, broad-shouldered, and robust—a very model of strength. Add to this that he had a keen, penetrating eye, and a lively and characteristic physiognomy, and we have the picture of a man who might reasonably expect that the course of true love would run smoothly in his case. But those who remember—and who does not?—the pathetic sonata, "Absence and Return," would be surprised rather than otherwise to hear that he had escaped the ordeal which has purified so many geniuses—that of loving well, but not wisely. In point of fact, it appears that this sonata is connected with a love passage in his life, which is referred to in the following letter, written by him to Dr. Wegeler. In this letter he refers, in a very dependent tone, to the state of his hearing, which, in spite of all the remedies he had tried, was getting worse; and he was then about to seek new doctors. After describing how hard he was working, even grudging the time he was obliged to devote to sleep, to complete a work that should do him honor, he says:

"For the last two years I have lived a solitary life. I dare say I am considered a misanthrope, and yet I am not anything of the kind. A metamorphosis has been worked in me by a dear and most ravishing girl, whom I love and who loves me. I am indebted to her for many happy moments during these two years, and for the first time in my life I feel that marriage could make me perfectly happy. Unfortunately our social position is not the same . . . and in my situation I really could not marry . . . I shall have much to go through before that can be."

Some passages are evidently suppressed in this letter; but we can gather from it that his life was embittered by his melody and the obstacles which the aristocratic prejudices of the Austrians placed in the way of his marriage, for the lady on whom he had placed his affections was a countess. To this circumstance, perhaps, quite as much as to any democratic convictions, may be attributed the onslaughts he uttered so frequently against social distinctions.

This passion, which seems to have been the first experienced by Beethoven after he had reached manhood, ended badly for him. The lady abruptly broke off the connection with him in order to marry a ruined count—such, to complete the measure of his humiliation, a count who was by profession a musical com-

poser, a composer of dance music, who subsequently got a bullet in his head on the stage at Paris, where it was overwhelmed by the condemnation of the press; and as the issue of this letter was that the music was not only of the new world but of the other world.

The effect of this deception on Beethoven was most disastrous; it made him doubly hard, by wounding his pride as a man and as an artist. He uttered no complaints; but his melancholy was such that it was easy to see that he desired death rather than life. One of his greatest admirers, who felt for him the warmest and warmest friendship, thought to relieve his mind by inducing him to take up his residence at a country-house belonging to her not far from Vienna. Here he wandered about the park, but instead of finding peace, he became more and more despondent. The rustling of the leaves, the notes of the birds, repeated his misfortune continually, until, as he said at a later period of his life, he began to feel that he was abandoned by God as well as by the woman he had loved so profoundly. This disappointment was nearly ending fatally. One evening he did not return to the house as usual, and it was supposed that he had suddenly set out for Vienna; consequently no alarm was excited by his non-appearance. Three days afterwards he was discovered by a friend, lying at the foot of a tree, in the most distant part of the park, nearly dead from want of food. The earnest solicitations of his friends induced him to abstain from any similar attempts to end his pain in this way; and it was not until many years afterwards that it became known he had ever done so. Not very long afterwards he had the opportunity of nobly avenging the deceit that had been practiced upon him. The mistress of the lady he had loved became so great that she actually wrote to Beethoven to tell him of her condition, and to ask him for assistance. He did not comply with her request openly; but he played the part of the good Samaritan in secret, for he got a loan of five hundred florins on the security of his future compositions, and remitted it to her by a sure hand, without suffering her to know the name of her benefactor. It was not until twenty years afterwards that Beethoven related the affair to a most intimate friend named Schindler, to whom the husband of the lady had spoken of him in very uncomplimentary terms. His magnificent compositions will render him immortal; but we can now see that honor and fame will not keep the skeleton out of a man's closet.

## Choosing a Physician.

There is an Eastern story of a certain prince who had received from a fairy the faculty of not only assuming whatever appearance he thought proper, but of discerning the wandering spirit of the departed. He had long labored under a painful chronic disease, that none of the court physicians, ordinary or extraordinary, could relieve; and he resolved to wander about the streets of his capital until he could find some one, regular or irregular, who could alleviate his sufferings. For this purpose he donned the garb and appearance of a derelict. As he was passing through one of the principal streets, he was surprised to see so thronged with ghosts that, had they been still inhabitants of their former earthly tenements, they must have obstructed the thoroughfare. But what was his amazement and dismay when he saw that they were all grouped with anxious looks round the door of his royal father's physician, hailing, no doubt, the man to whom they attributed their untimely doom. Shocked with the sight, he hurried to another part of the city, where resided another physician of the court, holding the second rank in fashionable estimation. Alas! his gateway was also surrounded with reproachful departed patients. Thunderstruck at such a discovery, and returning thanks to the prophet that he was still in being, despite the practice of these great men, he resolved to submit all the other renowned practitioners to a similar visit; and he was grieved to find that the scale of ghosts kept pace with the scale of their medical rank. Heart-broken, and despairing of a cure, he was slowly sauntering back to the palace, when, in an obscure street, and on the door of a humble dwelling, he read a doctor's name. One single poor solitary ghost, leaning his despondent cheek upon his feeble hand, was seated on the doctor's steps. "Alas!" exclaimed the prince, "it is, then, too true that humble merit withers in the shade, while ostentatious ignorance inhabits golden mansions. This poor neglected doctor, who has but one unlucky case to lament, is then the only man in whom I can place confidence." He rapped; the door was opened by the doctor himself, a venerable old man, not rich enough, perhaps, to keep a domestic to answer his unfrequent calls. His white locks and flowing beard added to the confidence which his situation had inspired. The elated youth then related at full length all his complicated ailments, and the still more complicated treatment to which he had in vain been submitted. The sapient physician was not illiberal enough to say that the prince's attendants had all been in error, since all mankind may err; but his sarcastic smile, the curl of his lips, and the dubious shake of his hoary head, more eloquently told the anxious patient that he considered his former physicians as an ignorant, murderous set of upstarts, only fit to depopulate a community. With a triumphant look he promised a cure, and gave his overjoyed patient a much-valued prescription, which he carefully couched to his bosom; after which he expressed his gratitude by pouring upon the doctor's table a purse of golden sequins, which made the old man's blinking eyes shine as brightly as the coin he beheld in wondrous delight. His joy gave suppleness to his rigid spine, and he bowed the prince out in the most obsequious manner, he ventured to ask him one humble question: "By what good luck, by what kind planet, had he been recommended to seek his advice?" The prince naturally asked for the reason of so strange a question; to which the worthy doctor replied, with eyes brimful with tears of gratitude:—"Oh, sir, because I considered myself the most unfortunate man in Bagdad until this happy moment; for I have been settled in this noble and wealthy city for the last fifteen years and have only been able to obtain one single patient." "Ah!" cried the prince in despair, "then it must be that poor, solitary, unhappy looking ghost that is now sitting on your steps!"

"Confoundedly long-winded!" said a man when his bell blew off, and led him a chase of a hundred rods to recover it.

Three dollars spent for this journal is better than twenty spent in useless adornments.

## THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

LATE INTERVIEW.

After that sojourn at the Lowndes shooting-box, John Galton and his wife returned to the Grange, and had a very quiet time there together for some four or five months. As those were winter months, it was really very dull; even Miss Sarah could not find much surprise at Kate finding it so. John Galton had a habit of going off several miles to the coast, and lurking about in holes in the marshes through cold winter nights with a long duck-gun, a brace of big dogs, half Irish spaniel half retriever, and one of those rough fellows only to be found on the coast, who are partly maffer, partly fisherman, and partly on the loose look-out for a night on the marshes with any gentleman fond of wild-duck shooting, and a position for many hours in a damp hole in the mud.

John Galton was a thorough sportsman, and as yet he had never had his ardor damped by over so slight a touch of rheumatism. A mail-order would repay him for any number of hours' waiting, and a brace of snipes for any amount of wet. But Kate was very full while he was away—so full that she came at last to feel that there must have been something after all in this companionship which she missed.

At one period she took, as a sort of forerunner, hope, to being very intimate with Miss Sarah. She would saunter down to Miss Sarah's cottage in the morning with little Kate and some cream or new eggs; and she would be made to repeat having taken either of the latter, usually through a habit Miss Sarah had of accepting them with a grim allusion to the time when such goods from the Grange were hers of right in a measure, the time "before John married." "Well, John is married now, you see," Kate would reply as good-humoredly as she could, "and still you get the eggs and cream, so you've nothing to complain of." Upon which Miss Galton would put her sister-in-law and her sister-in-law's good intentions to flight, by asking, sharply:

"Have I ever complained?" Don't I bear poverty, and obscurity, and obloquy and scorn in silence, oh—!" when Miss Sarah's lamentation reached this point there was nothing for it but flight, and Mrs. John Galton would be driven back to the desolate Grange, where the very watch-dogs hung their tails dependently because their master was absent.

But Kate's visits were surely, though slowly, working upon the one to whom they were paid. The particles of real kindness that were in them might be infinitesimal, but the dose was constantly repeated, and so told at last, and met with its due reward. "John, I really think your wife is improving," Miss Sarah said to her brother on more than one occasion, "her conduct is much more like that of a respectable married woman than it used to be," which meagre praise of the woman who was, despite her faults and follies, so unspokeably dear to him, John Galton had to accept and even to appear grateful for.

At length there came a break in the monotony which had hung over all things for so long a time. As a candid and honest historian, I cannot say that the break was one with more acceptable to any one of them than the monotony had been.

John Galton had departed one biting winter's afternoon with his duck-gun and dogs for a night on the sands, leaving Kate rather more resigned to her approaching solitude than usual; she had just received a fine relay of new books. "Don't forget that we have to dine at that place to-morrow, John," his wife said to him as he was getting up into the trap; "that place" being the rectory, and to-morrow being the day of the first feast given within its walls by their new rector.

"No, I won't," he replied; "I shall be back by twelve o'clock to-morrow; if you have nothing better to do, come along the road to meet me, will you?"

She promised him that she would do so, and then he drove off, and she went back to the coolest corner of her drawing-room, and turned over the new books pleasing uncertainty as to which of them she should first fall upon and devour.

The one she finally decided upon was that novel of Mr. David Linley's, which he had been compelled to go up to his publisher about while she was staying at Lowndes and she began to read it with that pleasant clearness of vision for its faults and shortcomings which we are all apt to be endowed with while reading the work of an acquaintance. It is so nice to pick out errors of taste and grammar, and violations of the unities and propriety in the printed words of one whom we know. So Kate read away happily, and reviewed as she read far more severely than any of the literary journals had done.

She had the prospect of a long afternoon of uninterrupted bodily ease and mental relaxation before her. Instead of a dinner she had (after the manner of women when they are left to themselves) ordered tea at six. "Tea and something nice," she had said to John; and John, when giving the order to cook in the kitchen, had added,—"which means that she'll trouble us for something else 'nice' at ten, interfering with one's supper-time."

John Galton had been gone an hour; it was now four, and so much of the wintry sky as she could see from her corner of the couch near the fire began to look dark. "He'll have a terrible night of it, poor old fellow!" she thought. "It is plucky though to go through so much hardship and find it all sport; he'd never do it." She brought her hand down on the open page before her as she thought this of Linley. "He'd never do it; after all he was right, though he did not mean me to think so, when he said that the man who could do all such things was not so far behind the one who could only write about them."

Little Kate was stretched out on the rug before the fire with a Punch scrap-book and a tiny terrier puppy, and one or two other articles to dullness around and about her. The child had had more of her mother's companionship lately, and she seemed to love it so much, that Kate unconsciously granted more and more of it daily to the innocent courtier. This latter was supremely happy just now, for she had been promised the exquisite bliss of having "tea with mamma;" moreover, the terrier puppy had been her "very own" but for two short hours. It was a dream of winter without, but in this room there was warmth and comfort, of so perfect an order that Kate's earnest prayer that

she might have no interruption had been quite answered.

Before settling down thoroughly she had run over a list of possible callers, and she had given herself a good and sufficient reason, after naming each one, for that one not coming this day. "The Reynolds have a child with the scarlet fever, so we'd never come near my child, and Mrs. Reynolds wouldn't be unfeeling enough to leave her husband now he has scarlet fever," she thought. "Mrs. Williamson never calls when she knows it's getting time for her to have another dinner-party, stinky old thing; and as for the Caldwelles, come as she is, she must surely know that I shall have quite enough of her to-morrow dining there." Then she thought favorably of one or two more acquaintances, who always got miserable if they came out in an capricious wind, and she blamed the wind for coming from the east this day, and went on with her book luxuriously.

Suddenly, in the midst of a chapter, the writing of which had made David Linley's hard old head ache even, he had so elaborated the intricacies of the situation in which everybody was plunged in it—suddenly, in the midst of this, there fell upon her ear the knock of parting peace, the sound of the half-door bell, and the next minute Miss Sarah Galton came into the room.

She was not a pleasing interruption, undoubtedly. Even had she not been the interrupted lady's sister-in-law she could not have been deemed a pleasing interruption. As it was, Kate, watching her as she came forward in ungainly cloth-buttoned boots, and barge-like gossamer, felt her to be unbearable.

The guise in which Miss Sarah Gordon adventured forth in wintry weather was comfortable, she asserted, but certainly it was not becoming. The red-colored bonnet, which "came well-forward," as she phrased it, might be forgiven; indeed, it had a distinctly marked purpose about it, and so far was estimable; it had been built to come well-forward, and it came well-forward, covering Miss Galton's ears from the cold blast, and saving those organs from many an ache. But the petticoat and dress, that were short enough to be hideous from every point of view, and long enough to catch up and carry all extraneous matter in the shape of mud that might be in her path, were not things to be tolerantly looked upon.

"Such a walk as I have had," Miss Galton began breathlessly, sitting down opposite to Kate; "I thought I should never have got here; I tried the side, and my gossamer was sucked off my feet several times."

"How very uncomfortable for you," Mrs. John Galton replied. She was marvelling much why Miss Galton had come at all, and why, of all ways, by the field-path.

"How very uncomfortable for you," Kate said deviously. Then she resigned herself, put her book down with a sigh, and added:

"You must stay to tea with me, Sarah. John is gone off for some duck shooting, so I dined early with Kate, and ordered a heavy tea; you'll stay, won't you?"

Miss Galton looked sour. Heavy tea, any number of them and of any weight, could be here in her own house. She had come up to her brother's to-day intending to have a good generous dinner at seven, and to see if the plate was in good order, and whether John's wife had a decent cook or not. She had another motive besides the anticipated dinner in coming, but the dinner had been a powerful one. So now, when Kate offered her the paltry substitute of a heavy tea, she looked grim, and replied:

"I suppose you're surprised to see me." "Oh, no! I am not," Kate answered, though a little surprise might have been forgiven her, since Miss Galton had not been to the Grange for several months. "Oh, no! I am not; I am glad to see you now you are come; go up to my room, and take your things off: you'll find a fire there. Kate, go with your aunt."

Miss Galton looked more grim on the instant. "A fire in her bed-room, and coals such a price," she thought. Nevertheless she resolved to go up, and take off her boots by that fire in preference to going into a more inexpensively arranged chamber.

"Of course you wonder to see me," Miss Galton persisted. "I will tell you—dear, dear, how this wind affects my breath—what brought me: partly I was down in the village, and I thought I would just pass by the end of the station, and ask Mrs. Benham if she could let me have half-a-pint of cream on Friday night, for I have asked the Caldwelles to tea, and while I can get it anyway, I will not ask the clergyman I sit under to drink his tea without cream." Having said this with much severity, Miss Galton paused to gain breath, and mark whether or not Kate was withered.

But Kate was not withered by any means. Eventually she knew that the cream for Mrs. Caldwell's tea would go down to Miss Galton from her (Kate's) own dairy. She knew this, and was right willing that it should be so, and she knew that Miss Galton knew it also. So she declined to be withered, and only said:

"Oh! indeed; and then?"

"Then, after I had heard from Mrs. Benham that Friday was just the very day of all that she would have the greatest difficulty, the greatest difficulty, in obliging me, I went on to the platform; I thought I would just go—just go on and see the three-o'clock train come in."

Miss Galton made another pause from lack of breath, and Kate suggested:

"Haden't you better go up, and take off your bonnet and wet boots?"

"In one minute, if you'll listen," Miss Galton replied severely. "Catherine, do keep that nasty dog away from me; of all the playthings in the world to give a child, a filthy dog is the worst."

"He's a dear little, clean beauty, and he has only just left his mother," Kate the younger argued indignantly. She mentioned the latter fact as if it were something meritorious, something that redounded to puppy's credit vastly. Indeed, in a vague and undefined way, she held that his having "only just left his mother" was puppy's chiefest trait. Others he might develop in time, but at present he had done nothing else worthy of record.

"Perhaps you had better take puppy up into the nursery to tea, Kate," Mrs. Galton suggested.

"Oh, mamma! you promised I should stay here, and give him some cream out of my own canner."

"Cream for dogs!" Miss Galton ejaculated. "Do you know, little miss, that your poor aunt only allows herself cream sometimes as a treat for her own tea?"

"Oh! that's nonsense," Kate rejoined emphatically. The point was intended to be very

touching, but Kate looked at the respective parties, and was shocked in the wrong direction. It was not a child! The puppy was so very pretty, and the poor old aunt was so very plain.

"Don't let me be the cause of my brother's child being teased, pray," Miss Sarah said with some severity.

"Very well; she shall stay here, since you don't mind her," Mrs. Galton replied. "I wish you'd go and take your things off, though; you would be so much more comfortable."

Mrs. Galton gave utterance to the wish as heartily as she could under the circumstances. She was not the sort of woman who takes a pride and pleasure in putting her own inclinations entirely out of court, but she did it on this occasion with a tolerable grace.

"Yes, I'll go," Miss Galton said, rising up, and marching in her muddy gossamer, caught over a white Austrian rug; "but as I was saying, when I got on to the platform, I stayed there, speaking now to one and now to another, as one does, you know, Kate."

"Yes," Kate assented, knowing well the while that she never did anything of the kind.

"And so I stayed there till the train passed—that is, it didn't pass as usual, it stopped, and one of the most extraordinary women I ever saw in my life got out."

"Ah, indeed?" Kate replied, seeing her sister-in-law waited for her to say something.

"Yes, one of the most extraordinary—I may say, the most extraordinary; she had about a dozen yards of rich silk trailing behind her, and though she is quite old, quite old enough, at all events, to have known better, she had a little round cap of fur on her head that would suit that child."

"Who can she be?" Kate said, curiously.

"That's what I wondered," Miss Galton snapped out; "when she had got herself and her maid, and all her boxes, (she'd about a dozen of them,) she began crying out in a cracked voice, 'could any one tell her the way to the Grange?' The Grange indeed! I told the station-man that we wanted no manor at the Grange, and that they had better keep her there till she was sent for, and then I thought I would come and tell you about it."

"Good gracious!" Kate exclaimed, rising up with a sickening feeling of some evil being about to crowd down upon her, "it must be my aunt, Lady Glaskill; I will send and see."

## CHAPTER XL.

A TERRIBLE OLD LADY.

The Caldwelles, the people with whom the John Galtons were going to dine on the following day, had not been in the parish long, but in spite of that short residence, locally they were large people.

Locally they were large, and religiously they were rigid. Mr. Caldwell had been in possession of a fair, not to say a fat, living for years before he had exchanged it for this Haveringham rectory, and additionally, he had taken the precaution to ally himself into a wealthy wife. Therefore had all things gone smoothly with him in the flesh, and in the spirit he was as unconditionally haughty and bigoted as any member of the priesthood be adorned.

From the day of his leaving college, nearly forty years before, up to this one of his introduction into my story, the Rev. Robert Caldwell's had been uninterrupted a country life, and he had grown big and pithy with the importance of it. He was no very uncommon character. He was arrogant, but he was also alive to the claims those who were in a worse plight than himself had on his humanity. He was intensely imbued with the letter of his profession, but on the other hand he had no small share of the best of his spirit. He was a staunch churchman, intolerant to aught that savored of indifference to one of the smallest of his church's ordinances. He was not a bad country gentleman, having a fine taste in port wine and horse-flesh. He was willing, nay anxious, that all good should be done to all men, but he desired that it should be done through that church alone of which he was a member. Not that he ever said this in so many bold, hard words, but he set his face steadfastly against any reform which it was proposed to make without the church's aid, guidance, or management.

Withal he was a man much revered for his life was a blameless one. He had married a wife, and brought up children, and sent these latter out into the world in unimpeachable case. His daughters had married, and married well—their husbands, though laymen, had plump livings in their gift; and his sons were well reputed in their respective dioceses, and were serving God with fair prospect of promotion. Altogether, the Caldwelles were of good repute in the land, and their claims to consideration were not to be lightly regarded, even by their chief parishioners, the greatest landowner in the parish and his wife.

When Mrs. John Galton said, in response to Miss Sarah's description of the person who was at the station making inquiries for the Grange, "It must be Aunt Glaskill," a quail seized her heart, and dragged it down to low depths. To her husband and to Miss Sarah (who adored them), and to herself, Kate was wont to laugh at and deride the Caldwelles—to call him a narrow-minded churchman who knew nothing of the world, whose whole soul was in matters parochial, and to regard Mrs. Caldwell as a woman without an individuality, merely as "the wife" of a recognized institution, who was a dull but necessary evil.

But despite this scoffing habit of hers, their respectability had impressed itself upon her, and she acknowledged to herself that it would be too terrible to shock them by introducing such an auxiliary as Lady Glaskill, and that Lady Glaskill would probably definitely refuse to be left behind. Here, down in the country, things stood out before Mrs. Galton with clearer outlines, and in truer colors. Lady Glaskill's much-beattered old banner would not float out bravely in this atmosphere.

The certain conviction that it was Lady Glaskill—the dread truth, that she (Kate) was about to be infested with that most volatile and incessant of old women, smote her in such a way on the first mention of the stranger at the station, that she never questioned the probability of it for an instant.

"It's Aunt Glaskill, and what shall I do with her at the Caldwelles' to-morrow?" she said to herself. And then she added aloud, "I think I had better have the waggone, and go down to the station and see."

"It's a sight that I should keep away from as long as possible, if I were in your place," Miss Sarah replied, grimly.

"But you're not in my mamma's place—"



"You're not a married woman," Kate replied, with a child's curious promptness.

"Don't be pert, miss," Miss Galton retorted with red lips on either cheek, and a gleam of angry light in her eye, as if Kate's assertion that she was "not a married woman," had been a charge of an insult, or at least a compromising nature. "Don't be pert, miss; I should send my little girls to bed for such speech as that."

Now Kate was at the age when had and all mention of it is looked and abhorred by day-light.

"But you haven't any little girls; and you're no gentleman either, Aunt Sarah," Miss Kate retorted triumphantly, and Miss Galton felt herself thoroughly warmed in the war of words.

Kate, in utter disregard of the altercation, continued:

"Will you excuse me? Will you mind waiting here alone, while I go—"

"On a wild-goose chase," Miss Galton struck in sharply. "I must say it will be the most ridiculous thing on your part, Kate, to go up and look after some mad woman merely because you have a cousin's relative of your own. Of course, some of your friends would have the bad taste to come to your husband's—to my brother's place in such a way."

"One never knows what one's friends will have the bad taste to do," Kate replied; "it's from no—"

"She stopped; she was about to say that it was from no sense of anxiety to welcome Lady Glaskill that this journey in search of her to the station should be made. But she stopped, remembering that saying as to state her and the ineffectuality of crying it.

"Then if you are going I will say good-bye to you," Miss Galton said sharply, as Kate rang the bell and ordered the waggonee. "I didn't come up here to sit alone."

"I will be back very soon, or—come with me," Kate pleaded. Odd as it appeared even to herself, she felt a desire to cling to something undesirable, something tangible, and true, and respectable—something that however disagreeable it might be, could not compromise her husband now. The dread of her aunt, and of those ways of the world of which her aunt was a representative, was upon her strongly. No one could have sheltered under the wall of Lady Glaskill's reputation; it was a tottering structure, full of holes, and who knew this better than her niece?

So now that niece asked pleadingly that her disliked sister-in-law would stand by her in the meeting with the inevitable guest.

Miss Galton relaxed at the appeal, and was moderately merciful.

"I don't mind going, but as for its being Lady Glaskill, that's absurd," she said. "I have always understood that your aunt was a woman of fashion and position."

"So she is," Kate said desperately.

Lady Glaskill had been one of her highest trump cards, and she had been played with full effect for the neighborhood very often. The assertions of years may not be lightly contradicted in a moment; so now Kate said with desperation, "So she is."

"Then don't go, for this old haridan is rather," Miss Galton said ruthlessly. Then for the first time Kate quailed before John's sister; Lady Glaskill was an old haridan; no one deemed her such more entirely than did her affectionate niece.

"At any rate the drive will do us no harm; I'll have my hat and cloak on in an instant."

So saying, Mrs. Galton ran from the room to prepare for the drive.

The waggonee was at the door when Mrs. Galton came down, and Miss Sarah was standing at the hall steps ready to get in. This waggonee was another of Kate's iniquities in Miss Galton's eyes, for in it Mrs. John drove a pair of wicked-looking obstinate, and she drove them herself.

"Will you be warm enough?" Miss Galton asked as Kate came up in a black velvet bonnet and coat. Then Kate lifted up a corner of the latter, showing that it was lined with fur, and said, "Oh, yes," cheerily enough, as Miss Galton mentally appraised the cost of it.

The drive to the station was a very short one, but during it Miss Galton found occasion to shriek thrice, and to give numberless other indecipherable indications of woe. The chestnuts had good mouths, and Kate had good hands. Naturally the corners were turned without any waste of space.

"I'm no coward, and I'm convinced that I shall not die before my time," Miss Galton observed to Mr. Caldwell, in relation to this drive, when he drank tea with her on Friday; "but I do say that it's tempting Providence for a woman to take the reins in her hands, and to drive like John, the son of Nimshi, in the way Mrs. John Galton does."

To which Mr. Caldwell replied in general terms, that he was averse to reckless driving where he himself was concerned, but that, as regarded other people, he couldn't undertake to say; it was between themselves and their consciences.

Kate's conscience on this occasion did cause her driving to resemble that of the scriptural person afterwards alluded to by her sister-in-law. It reminded her that Lady Glaskill was her relative, and it told her distinctly that Lady Glaskill was a very unfit inmate for Harrobban Grange. She remembered Lady Glaskill's sharp practices, and Lady Glaskill's double dealing, and Lady Glaskill's dreadful inability to discontinue from wrong. She remembered Lady Glaskill's wicked old leers, and her horrible old stories, and her fearsome old jests. She remembered Lady Glaskill as a ghastly old companion of a lawdry, hardly won, and held to with Vanity Fair; and she trembled at the thought of meeting her at the station when she should arrive there.

It was evident at the first glance, on reaching the station, that something unusual had happened there. Kate drew up at the little door through which you came off the road on to the platform, and one of the porters came up to her with a respectful finger to his cap, and what she instantly construed into a disrespectful grin on his face.

"Is there any one here for the Grange, Hodgson?" she asked.

"There's a lady here as says she's for the Grange," the man replied; "but, bless you, her garden, man, she's got twelve boxes, and a little dog with a pink wrap on, and two cages with white cats in 'em, and a maid with paint enough on her cheeks to do the station-wall up smart for a year."

Miss Galton, gliding behind in the legitimate-fur-dress, complete part of the vehicle, laughed hysterically. Hodgson had been a gardener at the Grange in John Galton's bachelor

days; but his horticultural labors there had come to an untimely end in consequence of Mrs. John's having discovered, shortly after the commencement of her reign, that the reason the best roses and finest bunches of grapes did not grace her table was, that Hodgson drove a shuffling trade in them on his own account. This discovery led to Hodgson's dismissal—his abrupt, not to say ignominious, dismissal; and Hodgson, being but human, never forgave the use by whom that ignominy was brought about. It was pleasant to him now, to be innocent under the veil of ignorance.

"I will go and see," Kate said, getting out of the waggonee; "at any rate, I shall like to see the cat; you won't get out, Sarah?"

"No," Sarah said she would not get out, and then Kate walked through the little door on to the platform alone.

Mrs. Galton did not say "Be still, my heart," as she walked along with that organ thumping vehemently; nor did she cry "Oh! my prophetic soul, my aunt!" as all her fears were verified, and the vision of Lady Glaskill in the flesh dawned upon her.

In the flesh; no, scarcely that; her withered old bones were decked in nothing so congruous as flesh. She really was terrible to behold; in her trailing silken garment, in her girlish-out-paleto, in her small turban hat bound with fur. She was terrible to behold; and Kate, her niece and former disciple, felt her to be terrible.

Lady Glaskill was standing amidst her boxes haranguing an audience composed of all the porters and idle boys about the place, when Kate entered. The dear old lady had one hand on a cage, in which a bundle of something white was crouching, and she was redeeming the time and distinguishing herself by making these ignorant natives acquainted with the manners and habits of Persian cats.

"My dear child, my precious Kate," Lady Glaskill cried effusively, embracing up to her niece as actively as her weak tottering legs would carry her. Then, before Kate could ward off the demonstration, the lean arms wound themselves round Mrs. John Galton's neck; and Mrs. John Galton was identified at once and forever in the local mind with this terrible old woman.

"I could not credit that it was you, aunt; pray come away now," Kate said quietly, as soon as she could disentangle herself from her relative's carresses; then she added, "why didn't you send up to me at once, instead of staying down amongst the people?"

Lady Glaskill turned and wagged her head at her late audience, and kissed her wizened hand to them.

"The dear creatures," she said, "I told them about my cat, and made myself at home with them at once."

"Well, I wish you hadn't," Kate said, a little coldly, as her aunt executed a little skip before passing through the door.

"Such freshness, such enthusiasm!" Lady Glaskill cried, when she had been hoisted up into the waggonee opposite to Miss Sarah.

"Where are my boxes and my maid?" she continued suddenly in quite a different tone of voice.

"They shall be sent for; are you ready?" Lady Glaskill was a very old woman. Indeed, no man now living could remember the day when she was young. She was a very old woman, and she was liable to exhaustion, especially after such feats of oratory and skipping as she had just performed on the platform. She was worn out, and weak, and old; and now that the small excitement of making the vulgar herd believe her to be a gay, volatile, reckless, inspired young creature was over, she relaxed straightway into old-womanhood, and whimpered for her maid.

"She must come with me, Kate," she whined—"Hall must come with me, or I'm lost."

Which was true in one sense. No one but Hall knew exactly where to look for what was left of Lady Glaskill amidst the millinery and paint. Hall put up the superstructure on the rotten old foundation, therefore Hall was essential for the nightly raising of the ruin that took place.

"Let her come, Kate," Miss Galton said, sharply. It was the first time Miss Galton had opened her lips since Lady Glaskill had been hoisted up into the waggonee, and now she opened them with a snap that made her ladyship start and shiver. "Let her come, Kate; and then she can keep her ladyship from tumbling out of her seat when you turn the corner."

By the time Hall came to them, Lady Glaskill had recovered herself in a measure. She had got her gold-rimmed eye-glass up, and through it she was rapturously surveying a puddle, and a couple of pigs wallowing in the same. Presently she addressed Miss Galton.

"This is all very pretty and fresh; those creatures in the foreground," she smiled by way of finishing her speech, and made little movements towards the pigs with her hand.

"What?" Miss Galton asked, sharply.

"Those creatures in the foreground," Lady Glaskill squeaked; "but before she could get the rest of her sentence and say how much she wished she had a pen and paper, in her own hand, to dash down a few of these sights as they struck her first—before she could say this, or Miss Galton could interrupt her by declaring them to be 'not creatures, but pigs,'—Kate was up on the box of the waggonee bidding them sit steady, as she was about to start.

When they reached the Grange, Lady Glaskill requested that she might be left alone in her own room with Hall for an hour; "Then you can come to me, my dear, and I'll tell you the cause of this freak of mine," she said condescendingly. To which arrangement Kate—who was sick in the heart of her aunt's customs, if not indeed of her aunt—assented.

Before the expiration of the hour, Lady Glaskill's boxes, and cats, and dog—this latter an Italian grayhound, whose constitution had been seriously undermined in his youth—had all arrived. The boxes were many, as has been seen, and they were also heavy. Their number and weight were ominous to the last degree, as was Miss Galton's dark glance at them, when she at length went up stairs to remove the unbecoming burden.

Between these two, what a night I shall have!" Kate thought to herself, as she stood with her hands clasped before the fire; "and I had intended being so cozy and happy; oh, dear! Aunt Glaskill sits upon my chest like a gnawing anxiety; what can have brought her?"

Soon after this the hour expired, and as Mrs. Galton went along to the interview she prayed heartily that a freak might carry those boxes

and their owner away from her habitation without delay.

Lady Glaskill was seated on a low chair before a Percha when her niece came into her room; a fire was burning brightly in the grate, and there was an odor of strong coffee and hot toast in the apartment. Those creature comforts had done much to restore Lady Glaskill. She was no longer the rickety old woman, ready to whither, and to whine, of the waggonee. She was a gorgeous being, strong in the strength that emanates from Bond Street—bright in those special graces which render one beautiful for ever.

Lady Glaskill was seated before the glass, and this is what she saw. A slim form with skirts of apple green moire antique, with fair shoulders rising very much out of the bodice, with golden hair rippling down in masses over a white brow and blooming cheeks; a figure with airs of grace and beauty, and, above all, youth that was passing pleasant to look upon. This was what Lady Glaskill saw.

But Kate saw something widely different. A decrepit old woman dressed like a girl, with hard, bony, unwomanly shoulders, displayed in a hard, bold, unwomanly manner; with the ghastly pallor of her withered cheeks brought into hideous relief by the rose-tints from the rouge-pot, and the golden sheen of the false glittering hair. This was what Kate saw, and her vision was the clearer of the two.

"I'm quite myself again now," Lady Glaskill said as Kate came on into the room.

"It's a pity you took all this trouble to dress to-night, aunt; I am alone, and I dined early," Mrs. Galton said, sitting down on a chair by the side of the dressing table. Then she marked for the first time that Lady Glaskill seemed much aged, much shaken, since their last meeting in town, and her heart softened a little towards her unwelcome guest.

"You may go now, Hall," Lady Glaskill said when Hall had elapsed a broad bracelet round one bony brown wrist; and as Hall went out of the room, Lady Glaskill, by a skillful backward movement, propelled herself out of the blaze of the lights on the table and said,

"My dear Kate, I have been infamously treated,—infamously; it has nearly killed me."

"What has happened, aunt?" Do what she would, Mrs. Galton could not succeed in infusing the least warmth into her inquiry, or even the least interest.

"Why, some men—some impertinent tradesmen," Lady Glaskill commenced, shaking her head vehemently, "sent me in bills that I must have paid over and over again, and as my funds were low, having had heavy pulls upon them, I naturally refused to pay them; when what do the insolent creatures do?" Lady Glaskill continued, "but threaten to seize my things. However, Hall was invaluable; we managed to pack them all up, and get them away to her sister's (a most excellent person, the widow of a dissenting minister) in the night. In the morning I sent round the key of the house to the landlord with my compliments, got my few worldly goods together, and came off to one who, well I know—"

Lady Glaskill choked herself at this juncture, and embraced her niece.

"But this is terrible," Mrs. Galton said, as soon as surprise and Lady Glaskill's lean arms would allow her to speak. And, indeed, it was terrible—very terrible,—this possibility that Lady Glaskill, who had come to the Grange in her distress, might elect to remain there in her distress.

"But this is terrible!"

"It might have been worse," Lady Glaskill said philosophically. She was a merry-hearted old sinner. She was quite ready to rest and be thankful in this haven into which fortune's gales had blown her. "It might have been that I should have been left without a thing," Lady Glaskill proceeded animatedly; "as it is, I have left nothing behind me but the key of the house, which, not being there any longer, I don't want. It's all for the best, I believe; I remembered how solitary you were, and I came down to you."

"Thank you, aunt," Mrs. Galton replied dryly.

"Don't mention it, my dear. Who's that woman in a poke bonnet and short petticoats?"

"My husband's sister."

"Ah! odd a woman at her time of life shouldn't know how to dress herself. Well, my dear, I like this room very much; with this, and the dressing room and the room beyond, Hall and I shall do very well, and not incommodate you, I trust. How pleased your rough diamond of a husband will be to see me, won't he?"

"I don't know," Kate replied vaguely. She was thinking "Should she ever be such an old woman as this one before her," and was shuddering to the bottom of her soul at the possibility. Then, as Lady Glaskill rose to her feet and pushed the golden locks back from her powdered brow with her trembling fingers, Kate vowed that never another grain of gold-dust should defile her hair. As she looked, Lady Glaskill's head began to shake at its image in the glass, for in fact her ladyship was slightly pained now; but the gallant old worldling laughed merrily and explained—

"That she always had been so full of life and motion."

It was not a pleasant evening that which Mrs. Galton passed by her own fireside. It was her earnest desire, above all things, now to keep the peace; and between the two women, her guests, she had rather a hard time of it. It was her earnest desire to keep the peace now; war, declared and decided, might be inevitable; but until it did break out, there should be no unseemly braving within her husband's walls. That at least she owed him, and that tribute she would pay. As she glanced from one to the other that night, Miss Sarah's austerity and unpleasantness were less patent to her than usual; but she felt a sick shaking within her whenever her glance fell upon her aunt; for that aged whitened sepulchre was a very good representative of the gang to which she (Kate) had ardently desired to belong.

It cooled all such ardor now to look upon Lady Glaskill. She was a terrible specimen of that to which a worldly, weak, vain, incorrigible vain woman may come. She was an animate bundle of falsity. There was nothing revealed about her old age; she was a pretentious old stucco sham. Kate recoiled from her,—from her, and from that of which she was a type,—as she sat and believed in herself over the fire.

She'll tell of that which was unbecoming and put to bed at night? Of the miserable old painted frame, surrounded by the shaking bed which was crowned by just a few stiff bristling hairs? Shall I tell of the rounded proportions, and of that which "formed the waist" coming away? Of the shudding of the golden tresses,

and of the pearly teeth? Shall I tell of the snarl at the maid, of the snarl tempered by servility, for Hall was her "best friend," she told herself? In asking I have told, however; so I will leave Lady Glaskill to her rest, and end my chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**How Napoleon Treated an Artist.**

About this time David painted for the English Marquis of Douglas a standing portrait of Napoleon, of the size of life. He was accustomed to paint the imperial features without requiring Napoleon's personal attendance. The emperor, therefore, knew nothing of this portrait, until it was brought, one day, to the Tuilleries for his inspection. It represented his majesty in his cabinet, as he had risen from his desk, after a night spent in writing, a circumstance indicated by candles burning in the sockets. Those who had seen it, considered it, as far as the features were concerned, the most perfect resemblance that had yet been obtained.

Napoleon was delighted with it, and eagerly complimented David.

"Still," said he, "I think you have made my eyes rather too weary. This is wrong, for working at night does not fatigue me; on the contrary, it refreshes me. I am never so fresh in the morning, as when I have dispensed with sleep. Who is the portrait for? Who ordered it? It was not I, was it?"

"No, it was intended for the Marquis of Douglas."

"What, David?" said the emperor, scowling, "is it to be given to an Englishman?"

"Sire, he is one of your Majesty's greatest admirers, and is, perhaps, the most sincere living appreciator of French artists."

"Next to me," replied Napoleon, tartly.

After a moment he added—

"David, I desire the portrait. I say I will give thirty thousand francs for it."

"Your Majesty, I cannot change its destination," said David, indicating, by a descriptive gesture, that he had already been paid.

"David," exclaimed Napoleon, "this portrait shall not be sent to England; do you hear? I will return your majesty his money."

"Surely your Majesty would not dishonor me," stammered the artist, at the same time noticing that the emperor, having exhausted persuasion, was preparing for active interference.

"No, certainly; but what I will not do, either, is to allow the enemies of France to possess me on canvas."

So saying, he directed a sturdy kick at the painting, and the imperial foot passed directly through it. Without a word he quitted the apartment, leaving a wonder-stricken audience behind him. David had his picture carried back to his studio, and subsequently mended and restored it, and forwarded it to its owner. It is likely that the merit of the portrait, as a work of art and as a likeness, is now somewhat lost in the superior attractions of the patched rent, and that its value is considerably greater as a memento of his Majesty's wrath than a specimen of the skill of his artist in ordinary.—Goodrich's Court of Napoleon.

**"Good-Bye, Old Arm."**

The following, by Chaplain McCabe, shows how a man feels on giving a part of himself to the earth for the sake of his country:

In a hospital at Nashville, a short time ago, a wounded hero was lying on the amputating table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm, and cast it, all bleeding, upon the pile of human limbs. They then laid him gently upon his couch. He woke from his stupor, and missed his arm. With his left arm he lifted the cloth, and there was nothing but the gorey stump!

"Where's my arm?" he cried; "get my arm; I want to see it once more—my strong right arm."

They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and looking steadfastly at the poor dead member, thus addressed it with tearful earnestness:

"Good-bye, old arm. We have been a long time together. We must part now. Good-bye, old arm. You'll never fire another carbine or swing another sabre for the Government"—and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

He then said to those standing by:

"Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one state should be torn from this glorious Union."

He might have added:

"Some things are worthless, some others so good."

That nation that buys them pay only in blood; For FREEDOM and UNION each man owes his part, And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart."

This is what that man gave. What is your share and mine?

**Apologue.**

A poor laborer in a certain village died after a long illness, and having escaped the existence, presented himself at the gate of Heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality who had just died, and having previously knocked, had just been admitted by the Apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sound of rejoicing and sweet music, which appeared to hail the entrance of the rich man, and having knocked in his turn, was also admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence where seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered!

"How is this?" he demanded of Peter, "when the rich man entered I heard music and singing; is there, then, the same distinction between rich and poor in Heaven as on earth?"

"Not at all," replied the apostle; "but the poor come to Heaven every day, whereas, it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission."

**Parties in California propose to introduce paper manufacturing machinery from this country into China, in order to procure supplies of paper from that country, where it is made of excellent quality from the fibres of the bamboo and mulberry trees. Its dark color is the only objection to it, but its quality and adaptation for printing purposes are said to be excellent.**

**A short time ago the order was issued in Prussia for diplomatic documents to be written in German. We now learn that Russia has determined that diplomatic documents shall be written in Russian. The French language seems to be losing its universal character as the diplomatic language.**

## BURIAL ODE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh, slow to smile and swift to spare, gentle and merciful, and just! Who, in the fear of God, didst bear the sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand, Amid the awe that bushes all, And speak the anguish of a land, That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free; We bear thee to an honored grave, Whose noblest monument shall be The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close Hath placed thee with the sons of light Among the noble host of those Who perished in the cause of right.

## Caruncule.

Our readers may remember an appeal addressed to the public by a French parish priest, in order to obtain funds for the publication of a pamphlet in which an infallible remedy for caruncule was to be revealed. This plan seems now to have been abandoned for the simpler one of publishing the remedy in one of the medical journals; for we find in the *Union Medicale* an article by Dr. Topinard, in which he describes the Dardelle secret as follows: "Prepare a round piece of linen of a sufficient size to cover the whole diseased part, and spread thereon a slight film of storax ointment, and then a layer of corrosive sublimate (bi-chloride of mercury) of the thickness of a two-franc piece. The plaster thus prepared is laid with the greatest care upon the part affected, and kept in its place with strips of sticking-plaster. After twenty-four hours this plaster may be removed, and it will then be infallibly found that the caruncule or pustule has been destroyed. The place must now be dressed three times a day with storax ointment spread upon linen; and at every dressing the part must be fomented with a mixture of the oil of linseed, lily, camomile, and hypericum. In the course of eight or ten days the eschar falls off, and the sore is treated like a common one."

This remedy, discovered by a blacksmith of the name of Dardelle, has never been known to fail. Dr. Miss, from whom the prescription has been obtained, has used it these ten years with invariable success; and Dr. Topinard considers with reason that sublimate exercises a specific action in such cases. It is the more desirable, since this very morning we find a new case of a man at Annouville-Villemesnil, near Pecamp, who, having been stung by a venomous fly, neglected applying proper remedies, and the consequence is that his finger has had to be amputated to prevent gangrene. He is now doing well.

## The Road Murder.

Five years ago a singular murder known as the "Road Murder" created a deal of attention in England. A little boy four years old was taken out of his bed in the room where he slept with his nurse, was murdered, and the body thrown into a sink. The family were wealthy, and consisted of Mr. Kent, his wife, the second he had married, and seven children. This little boy was the son of the second wife. The circumstances baffled the skill of the detectives. The family were all examined, but nothing could be discovered giving a clue to the crime, or the probable motive for it. Now one of the daughters, a young woman only twenty-one years of age, comes forward and accuses herself of the murder. The motive was jealousy of the attentions the little boy received from the father, the young girl, at that time only sixteen years of age, being strongly attached to an elder brother by the first wife. There was the additional feeling of dislike for the second mother, and a desire to lacerate her feelings by the death of her son. Constance Kent, the guilty murderess, two years ago became a religious convert, and this influence induced her to reveal the crime so long hidden. Even with the explanation she gives it is difficult to reconcile her guilt with the circumstances of the murder. But she appears sane, self-possessed, sincere, and perfectly conscious of the position she is placed in by her self-accusation. It is one of the most curious phases of crime we have ever read.

**THE WIDOW'S TESTIMONIAL.**—In noticing the decorations in New York in honor of President Lincoln, the Evening Post says:

"From a window in New York hangs a crutch shrouded with crape, and inscribed with the words, 'Our loss.' Thereby hangs a tale. A woman sits at the window who has given her all to the country. No panoplied catastrophe covers the remains of her husband, yet she sorrows with the emblem most expressive of her loss. She gave him up for her country's sake, and he lies on Gettysburg's bloody field. With a leg gone he was slowly moving about, when he was stricken down again. Our late President, visiting the hospitals, saw his death struggle, and heard his last words: 'Good-bye, Carrie; meet me in heaven.' The President's heart was opened. He stopped a moment, and wrote a letter of consolation to the 'Widow of John Dinwiddie,' to be sent with fifty dollars from his own purse. The widow has a sacred right to mourn such a loss."

**A tulip tree, or yellow poplar, measuring thirty-three feet in circumference, was cut down on the farm of Rev. E. C. Schenck, of Monmouth county, New Jersey, on the 11th ult. It took several days to cut it down, and it was felled because it had become dangerous. The Red Bank Standard says that it was decidedly the largest tree in Monmouth county, and probably the largest of the species in the country.**

**A housemaid the other night slipped from a chair on which she was temporarily standing, and fell headforemost into a barrel of flour. To show the effect of mental agony, we will state that her hair became white in less than a single night.**

**As a rule of conversation with sensible women, do not imagine that you must keep your lady talk and gentlemen talk in separate budgets, labeled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh at your wishy-washy sentimentalism. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose, because they are women, they don't know anything.**

**Great talkers are like cracked pitchers; everything runs out of them.**



**THE ACTION OF MINERAL WATERS.**—Visitors to Harrogate, England, as any other spa, will perhaps be glad to read the conclusions concerning the action of mineral waters on the human body, which have been arrived at by M. Scottetien, and by him communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. From these it appears that all spa waters excite an electric current when in contact with the animal tissues, the current varying in intensity according to the nature of the water. A feeble current may be produced even by river water; but mineral waters proper give rise to currents some of which are as powerful as to deflect the needle of the galvanometer from 80 to 90 degrees. These currents are said to traverse the body, and produce a medicinal effect; but we have no information as to the special mode in which the effect is produced, nor in what it differs from that of electric currents generated by other means. M. Scottetien has, however, made a very large number of experiments, and considers that his conclusions are demonstrated; and in communicating them to the Academy of the French Academy, he shows that he is not afraid of criticism.

**A musical festival of German singers** is to take place at Dresden next summer. No fewer than 16,000 are already announced, of whom 8,000 will come from Saxony, and 8,000 from Prussia. It is thought that 24,000 in all will attend.

**JARRE'S "EMAIL DE PARIS"** for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and reticent lady may use the "Email" without hesitating. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestrali, Lucille Westera, Mrs. D. P. Rogers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers, and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARRE & RENK, Philadelphia, Pa. mar1-3m

**FITS! FITS! FITS!** Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HARRIS'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for **CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.** Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HARRIS, the Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, \$1; two, \$2; twelve, \$9.

**COX'S TONIC ELIXIR.** All the ladies use Cox's Tonic Elixir, and declare that nothing is so strengthening and invigorating after the fatigues of warm days as that sovereign preparation. They place it side by side on the toilet-table with the "Email de Paris," and say that if the one beautifies the complexion, the other imparts a vivacity and freshness to the physical system altogether indispensable. Cox's Tonic Elixir can be had of SARGENT C. HARRIS, Druggist and Chemist, 24 South Second street, below Market.

**SCURVY AND SCROFULOUS Eruptions** will soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting their country's battles. Night air, bad food, and drenching rains will make and have with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with **HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.** It is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. If the reader of this "Post" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not sell my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, etc., and \$1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

**PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE** by disease of the lungs CAN BE **SAVED** BY **COD LIVER OIL.** Of entirely pure and of the best quality, but not otherwise. John C. Bland & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Bland & Co., 712 Market street, Philadelphia. Price \$1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my3-3m

**AMERICAN LARD,** to brighten their color and beauty, should take one teaspoonful of Dr. J. B. TAYLOR'S MEDICATED PINKETTES either before, or when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning. For sale everywhere. B. T. BARNETT, Sole Agent, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York. H. C. KENNEDY, Agent at Philadelphia. H. A. BOWEN, Also for sale by N. W. corner 6th and Green streets, Philadelphia.

**THE MARKET.** **FLOUR AND MEAL.**—The Flour market continues dull. Sales comprise about 7000 bbls, mostly extra and extra family, at \$7.75-8.35 for the former and \$6.95-7.25 for the latter. \$10.00 for fancy lots and \$9.50-10.00 for super-fine. Rye Flour is selling at \$5.75-6.00 bbl. Corn Meal—Pennsylvania is held at \$3.75 and Branding at \$3.35-3.50 bbl. **GRAIN** comes in slowly; sales of 30,000 bush Wheat at \$1.01-1.02 for reds, and white at \$2.30-2.40. Rye is dull at \$1. Corn—Sales of 35,000 bush are reported at \$1.30-1.40 for yellow, and \$1.20-1.30 for white. Oats—about 35,000 bush have been disposed of at 75-80c. **PROVISIONS.**—There is very little doing in bulk meats. Sales at \$17.00 for New York, and \$16.00 for Meats, the latter for extra Western. Beef Hams are worth \$10.00-10.50. Bacon moves off at \$10.00 for Hams—the latter for fancy bagged—and 17-18c for shoulders. Green Meats are selling in a small way at 10-12c for pickled Hams, and 10-12c for legs here. Butter is selling at 15-16c for packed, and 16-17c for roll; new Goshen is worth 16-17c and W. Cheese, new, sells at 18-19c. Eggs are dull at 20-21c. **COTTON.**—The market has been excited and rather higher. Sales comprise about 600 bales, in lots, at 50-55c for middling quality. **MARK** is held at \$2.50 for No. 1 Quercitron. **BEEHIVE** is quoted at 50-55c. **COAL.**—The market is unsettled and very dull, and prices at Richmond run at \$6.07-7.00 on board. **FEATHERS** are selling at 60c for good western. **FRUIT.**—The demand is very light, and prices unsettled and nearly nominal for both Dried Apples and Peaches. **HAY** is limited at \$10.00-11.00 ton. **HOPS** continue dull at 60-65c for first sort eastern and western. **IRON.**—There is little or no demand for Pig Metal, and the sales are confined to a few small lots, mostly at \$20-21 for Foundry. **LUMBER.**—The market is firm. White Pine ranges at \$30-32; Yellow Spruce \$25-27; Light Hemlock boards \$20; and Soft Lumber \$16-18. **OILS.**—For Petroleum the demand is more active. We quote crude at 30-32c, refined in bulk at 32-34c, and fire at 37-38c. **PLASTER.**—Soft sells at 25-26c. **RICE.**—Sales of 200 pigs Hangam at 10-11c. **SEEDS** are quick there is very little Clover or Timothy offering or selling. We quote the former at \$1.00-1.05, and the latter at \$1.00-1.05 bus. Flaxseed ranges at \$1.50-1.55. **SPIRITS.**—Brandy and Gin are dull. N. E. Rum sells at \$2.50-2.60. Whiskey sells at \$2.00-2.10. **TALLOW.**—Sales of rendered at 10-11c. **WOOL.**—The market is quiet but firm, the sales are confined to small lots within the range of 60-70c for low mixed and fine fleece, including unwashed at 65-68c; pulled Merino at 65c, and tub at 60-65c.

**PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.** The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized range from \$12.00 to \$15.00 per head. The sales of the week were as follows: 1000 head of Beef Cattle, 1000 head of Steers, 1000 head of Heifers, 1000 head of Calves, 1000 head of Bulls, 1000 head of Hogs, 1000 head of Pigs, 1000 head of Sheep, 1000 head of Goats, 1000 head of Rabbits, 1000 head of Chickens, 1000 head of Ducks, 1000 head of Geese, 1000 head of Turkeys, 1000 head of Pheasants, 1000 head of Quails, 1000 head of Partridges, 1000 head of Snipe, 1000 head of Woodcock, 1000 head of Mallards, 1000 head of Pintails, 1000 head of Goldeneyes, 1000 head of Gadwall, 1000 head of Coots, 1000 head of Grebes, 1000 head of Loons, 1000 head of Gulls, 1000 head of Terns, 1000 head of Boobies, 1000 head of Albatrosses, 1000 head of Pelicans, 1000 head of Storks, 1000 head of Crows, 1000 head of Ravens, 1000 head of Magpies, 1000 head of Jays, 1000 head of Starlings, 1000 head of Robins, 1000 head of Mockers, 1000 head of Thrushes, 1000 head of Vireos, 1000 head of Kinglets, 1000 head of Nuthatches, 1000 head of Titmice, 1000 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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Preparing in Time.

A young lady of wealthy parentage, a beauty from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the altar to a young man of a less than brilliant personality, but of a family of considerable means. The ceremony was held in a large hall, and many of the guests were of the "dinner party" type, and many of the guests were of the "dinner party" type, and many of the guests were of the "dinner party" type.

A few days after this, a school-companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of heaven have you so many people about you for?"

"Oh!" replied madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two house girls, one housekeeper, and—"

"Wait!" interrupted her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? Oh! that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married, Charles said we would want one, and you know it's not always best to leave things until the last moment!"

How to Open Overalls.—"Talking of opening overalls," said old Harrianna, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's that?" inquired Straight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Harrianna, very contentedly. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it over so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their bits off."

"I know a genius," observed Mr. Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins explaining a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico; sometimes it's a legend of his love; sometimes a marvellous stock transaction. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested; one by one they gaze with astonishment at the wonderful and droll whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gaze, my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em, and snarrows 'em."

"That'll do," said Straight, with a deep sigh. "I wish we had a dozen of the bivalves here—they'd open away."

Not a Good One.—A young gentleman was paying special attention to a young lady, and one day a little girl, about five years old, slipped in and began a conversation with him: "I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house." "You can?" he replied; "and how do you tell it?" "Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and get good; and she gives me cake and anything I want, and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a nice time. But when you go off sister is not so good. She gets mad, and when I ask her for anything, she slaps and bangs me about." "This was a power to the young gentleman. "Fools and children tell the truth," quoth he; and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

The Rarer Question.—Eloquence has not entirely died out. The following is given as a verbatim report in the Illinois House: "Mr. Speaker—I think sheep is paramount to dogs, and our laws hadn't ought to be so that dogs can commit ravages on sheep. Mr. Speaker, I represent sheep on this floor. [Laughter, and cries of "That's so!"] Up where I live, sheep is more account than dogs, and although you may tell me that dogs are useful, still I say, on the other hand, sheep is unuseful; and show me the man that represent dogs on this floor, and that thinks dogs is more important than sheep, and I will show you a man that is tantamount to know nothing. Mr. Speaker, I am through."

Needless Advice.—Blaggs got quite sick the other day, and had to summon a doctor. The medicine pook-pooked his ailments, and said, cunningly: "Take more exercise, friend Blaggs; use dumb-bells, throw out your chest, and you'll soon be rid of those pains." The patient stopped in his halting gait across the apartment, and turned to the doctor. "Oh, the landlord will attend to all that. He threatened yesterday that if a certain little account were not paid, he'd throw out my chest without ceremony. So you see I am spared that trouble." The doctor took his hat, and left suddenly. He has been heard to say since, that he considered it useless to send a bill.

Deaf may rail against whinnin as much as day like, day can't set me up against dem. I has always in my life found dem rust in lub-fust in a quarrel—fust in de dance—de fust in de ice cream saloon—and de fust, best, and last in de sick room. What would we poor debbles do widout dem? Let us be born as little, as ugly, and as helpless as you please, and a woman's arms an open to receive us. She it am who gits us our fust doos ob castor ole, and puts close upon our helpless naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and toes in long flannel petticoats, and it am she who, as we grow up, fills our dinner baskets with apples as we starts to school, and licks us when we tears our trousers.

At a large dinner-party in a certain city, lately, the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Surely," said a lady opposite, "first, you are not troubled with cold feet?" Assured an awful pause, she naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am much troubled—but then they are not my own."

Said a member of the House the other day, "I am much troubled with a word I have just seen—'to begeth'. What does it mean?" On being told that it signified a night of money, he exclaimed: "Is that so? I shall always be troubled with that word, I am afraid."

"What's the matter this morning, Tom?" "Caught a cold, that's all." "Yes, I saw you after one last night, with your coat off; I thought you'd caught it."

A lady once remarked of a certain B. D., "that she had done him injustice in thinking he had but two women, when in fact he had three."



CROSS FLATTERY.  
EMILY.—"Give me a bit of orange, Cecil!"  
CECIL.—"Oh, ah! I dare say! after you've called me a pig!"  
EMILY.—"Ah! but I meant a pretty pig!"

## How to Distinguish Good from Bad Calico.

The cost of a yard of calico is a matter of considerable importance to the consumer who studies economy; but unfortunately there are those who, in wishing to practice frugality, deceive themselves into the idea that because an article is low in price it must necessarily be cheap. The result of this is a demand upon the manufacturer for low-priced goods, and he, to keep pace with the wants of his customers, introduces into his ware, when practicable, certain preparations calculated to hide the falseness of the products he is thus called upon to supply.

This system of "dressing and finishing," as it is called, is practiced at the present time to a greater extent than ever it was before, owing to the enormous advance in the price of cotton of late years. The commonest calicoes are "dressed" with flour, clay, etc., and are generally so artfully "filled" with one or other preparations as to be very deceptive to the inexperienced eye.

When, however, such a dressed fabric comes to be washed, the "extra fine finish" as it is not unfrequently called, disappears, leaving a soft, flabby, and loosely woven texture in the hand, while the water in which it has been soaked is almost thick enough for bill-sticking purposes. The finest "makes," on the contrary, contain scarcely any powder, and should never appear any worse for a soaking in the wash-tub.

In order to ascertain to what extent a plain calico is finished, we have but to rub a small portion of the piece to be tested sharply between the finger and thumb of each hand, for this "makes the powder fly," as the Manchester men say. If it be of the commonest quality, a large quantity of "dross" will be extracted, and we shall soon see that the threads are left as far apart as those in a sieve, crossing each other unevenly, and in places going off, as it were, in tangents. Then, if we draw out a single thread and pull it asunder, it will be found to break with a snapping sound. If, on the contrary, the calico is a good one, scarcely any such dressing will come out of it on rubbing it; the threads will appear closely woven together; a single thread drawn out will rather burst than snap when pulled asunder, and the separated ends of such thread will present a fluffy appearance, while the whole piece will be firm and elastic to the touch.

## Changes of Words.

In Booker's "Scripture and Prayer-book Glossary" the number of words, or senses of words, which have become obsolete since 1611 amount to 388, or nearly one-fifth part of the whole number of words used in the Bible. Smaller changes, changes of accent and meaning, the reception of new and the dropping of old words, we may watch as taking place under our own eyes. Rogers said that "contemplate" is bad enough, but *decontemplate* makes me sick; whereas at present no one is startled by *decontemplate* instead of *contemplate*, and *decontemplate* has become more usual than *contemplate*. Thus *Roomie*, and *chancey*, *laylow*, and *good* have but lately been driven from the stage by *roomie*, *chancey*, *laylow*, and *good*; and some courteous gentlemen of the old school still continue to be *obeyed*, instead of *being obeyed*. *Foree*, in the sense of a waterfall, and *gill*, in the sense of a rocky ravine, were not used in classical English before Wordsworth. *Handbook*, though an old Anglo-Saxon word, has but lately taken the place of *manual*; and a number of words, such as *cabriolet*, *ho*, *for emulous*, and even a verb, such as *to shew*, tremble still on the boundary-line between the vulgar and the literary idiom.

Though the grammatical changes that have taken place since the publication of the authorized version are yet fewer in number, still we may point out some. The reformation of the third person singular in it is now actively replaced by a. No one now says *he think*, but only *he fives*. Several of the irregular imperatives and participles have assumed a new form. No one now uses *he speak* and *he drive* instead of *he speak* and *he drive*; *helpen* is replaced by *helped*, *holden* by *held*, *shapen* by *shaped*. The distinction between *ye* and *you*, the former being reserved for the nominative, the latter for all the other cases, is given up in modern English; and what is apparently a new grammatical form, the possessive pronoun *its*, has sprung into life since the beginning of the 17th century. It never occurs in the Bible, and though it is used three or four times by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson does not recognize it, as yet in his English grammar. —Miss Miller's Science of Language.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Stable Bedding.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A great deal has been written, and many have been the discussions orally touching the use and utility of bedding for animals, when and wherever animals are stabled. As the economy of the practice, however, has been but barely touched, perhaps a few words upon that point may not be so much time and paper quite thrown away.

Wherever an animal of any sort is kept in stable, either summer or winter, arguing for economy bedding is an important requisite. It promotes cleanliness, and, consequently, the health of animals lessens the labors of the dairyman and groom, and as an absorbent of liquid manures is an essential feature of farm economy.

One load of ordinarily saturated stable bedding, kept properly under cover after having performed its office, is worth on the average three loads of out-door barn-yard manure from which so great a portion of its fertilizing power has been drained by water or become volatilized and blown off in the atmosphere.

As a gatherer and treasurer of manurial wealth that material which we find to be the best absorbent of liquids makes the best and most economical bedding, and as the softer and more flexible the material is the more moisture it absorbs it is plainly apparent that a bed of wheat straw is preferable to one of rye; cut straw better still, and saw-dust an improvement on all these.

But as all the straws are marketable and find ready sale, and saw-dust is not generally obtainable, the best possible economy in every sense is to bed all stabled animals on forest leaves. They are not marketable for other purposes, always abundant, easily obtained, are as cleanly, and more verminous than straw, and as the dried forest leaf will absorb and hold on to a hundred per cent. more of the liquid manures than any kind of straw, it is just twice as valuable as that material for fertilizing purposes after having performed its office in the stable.

Cosmo.

## Tea Needs.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To G. Schenck, Avoca, Wisconsin, and Others.—In the brief article upon Tea recently published in the Saturday Evening Post, the declaration that "tea seeds are easily enough procured," might as well probably have added to it, "by such as know where and how to procure them."

Seed is certainly procurable from the Agricultural Department at Washington; but seeds are not distributed indiscriminately upon personal application. Apply to your representative in Congress, and if he does his duty his application will be promptly responded to.

Or you may address the seeds direct from China, by simply addressing a letter to the U. S. Consul at Macao, Canton or Shanghai, preparing your letter. Any one of them will have pleasure in sending you an ounce of genuine, reliable seed, only it will require from five to six months to get your returns.

Vernon.

## Economy.

When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good, or better, than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who breaks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

A NEW USE FOR OLD NAILS.—It is stated as a new discovery that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetable with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system weeds will grow to nearly double the size, and will require a much more severe test. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted for this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there will impart to all the necessary constituents of forcing vegetation as described.

SHORT SIGHT.—In Bavaria, public attention has been called to the prevalence of short-sight, and the increase of the use of spectacles by the young. Accordingly, the authorities have instituted a crusade against certain remarkable causes of the evil, such as imperfect lighting by day of school-buildings, owing to the original faulty construction; the imperfect lighting of them by night through a cruel economy; the lightedness of the lights, or of the benches and black-board in relation to them, whereby the sight of the pupils is strained; and the use of glasses not needed or unsuitable.

## USEFUL RECIPTS.

## Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have been wondering if brevity and expedition in our cooking communications, would not serve a better purpose than the long drawn-out Carlsbads which we are too prone to perpetrate in our household information-receipts, that in very many instances "but lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind."

I have just now been reading in a fashionable cook-book, arbitrary directions for making "Capital Corn-bread," and am lost in a labyrinth. Here is a copy, verbatim.

"One pint of buttermilk, half a pint of sweet cream, a quarter of a pound of butter. Beat and add to these ingredients four eggs. Put the whole in a saucepan, and when warmed add a quarter of a pound of fine sugar, a dessert spoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of soda, and stir in heated family flour until a very stiff batter is obtained. Bake one hour in a moderate oven."

Now if any one should happen to see Corn Bread any where in that composition, won't they please advise us?

But as I am not done with a codfish diet, as a cheap, wholesome, and possible palatable substitute for inevitable sirloins and beef steaks, I shall continue to drop in a dish of that material now and then as permitted, until I shall have exhausted one fish at least.

CODFISH AND CORN.—"What's that—codfish and corn? Whoever heard of such a compound?"

Why, I have, madam, frequently enough. I have often cooked and eaten it, and think it very good. I have known several professed codfish eaters to eat heartily of the dish and declare it delicious.

I am going to tell as plainly as I can how I prepare it, and you will see it is simple enough. Having soaked the fish for ten or twelve hours, remove all skin, fins and bones, pick fine, and rub small parcels at a time between the hands, until the whole is like a loaf of washed bread. Place the fish in a tin or porcelain lined saucepan having a close-fitting cover; take so many cups of green corn, tender, and no-wise glazed, as will afford a bulk equal when cut from the cob to the fish. Having cut the grain from the cob, roll it evenly with the rolling-pin on the smoothing-board until the material is reduced to a pulpy mass. Add the crushed corn to the fish, and simmer over a moderate fire one hour. Then draining off the water, turn in a pint or so of sweet, new milk, as much butter as you can afford, season to the taste with salt and pepper, and simmer as before fifteen minutes longer.

Serve hot; eat with any sauce you prefer, or without—it is good either way; and if there should happen to be any remaining, try it fried nicely brown as a griddle cake for tea, or at breakfast-to-morrow morning.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—During the season of the plant, rhubarb pies are common enough, but has it come to be known generally that puddings made of the material are quite equal, perhaps superior, to rhubarb pie? I think not, never having seen one at any other table than my own, frequently enough there, for we like them.

Supposing that no harm can come of publishing my mode of manufacture, I give it in its simplicity. Select good, fair-sized rhubarb stalks; cut them into lengths, say eight inches long; remove all that is stringy of the bark, then lay out on the table a clean towel or any white cloth; place a cut of the plant at one end and roll the cloth over it. Then add another stock, and make another roll. And continue until you have rolled up a dozen rhubarb stocks, each one separated from the other by a thickness of cloth. Tie the roll tightly, and boil briskly fifteen minutes, in just water enough to cover.

Have ready a batch of dough, made up exactly as for short, light biscuit. Roll out a large sheet of the dough as thin as pie-crust, and your rhubarb being ready, place a stock of it carefully on the dough, sprinkle it liberally with fine white sugar, and roll the dough over it. Proceed thus until the stocks are all rolled in just as they were in the cloth. Then you require to have an extra coating of one thickness as an envelope, and place the roll in a wide-mouthed pudding bag, which tie; place in a steamer, and steam away as vigorously as you will for an hour and a half.

The pudding is of course to be served hot, and may be eaten with any of the ordinary sauces.

TO MAKE FRENCH LIQUID GLUE WITHOUT HEAT.—Break the glue in small pieces, then add vinegar, say two-thirds vinegar and one-third glue; shake it well several times during twenty-four hours, and it is fit for use, fully equal to Spalding's Glue. This is no patent, equal to any glue, and easily made. Try it!

REPELLING RED ANTS.—Try setting the safes, closets, etc., on new bricks; a subscriber says this proved effectual. A sponge with a little sugar sprinkled through it will attract and hold hundreds of the insects, which may be killed with hot water.

TO MAKE LEATHER WATERPROOF AND FOR BOKE HANDS.—The following receipt is the best thing ever tried; it also improves the leather, and is also the best thing for rough or sore hands, caused by washing about or butting corn. Take one ounce of the balsam of gaulthery, and one ounce of turpentine, melt together, and apply warm; rub it in with the hand.

TO PRESERVE WOOLLENS FROM MOTHS.—The simplest and best way of preserving woollens through the summer from the destruction of moths, is to wrap them well up, after brushing and beating them, in cotton or flannel cloths. The moths can pass neither. Two covers, well wrapped around, and secured from the air, will be sufficient. An old sheet will answer.

## THE RIDDLE.

## Geographical Riddles.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 21, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, is one of the United States.  
My 21, 3, 24, 27, 7, 18, 19, 12, is a river in the United States.  
My 1, 4, 7, 2, 19, 23, 12, is one of the United States.  
My 12, 4, 14, 16, 7, 2, 14, is a city in the United States.  
My 21, 4, 21, 20, 20, 2, 4, is a city in the United States.  
My 7, 2, 4, 1, 17, 8, is one of the United States.  
My 15, 18, 21, 7, is a river in the United States.  
My whole was an act of perilous adventure in the "Great Rebellion." OAHMEW.  
Tullahoma, Tenn.

## Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An hour yet to tea-time, so come to the hall And listen—A riddle, propounded to all. It is—ah! it is spoken the very first word; Yet to guess it were it, were a guess most absurd. It is heard in the oarboat, seen in the storm, Lives always in tempest, and dies in alarm. In the depths of the forest it delights to roam, Yet it dwells in the kitchen of every home. It stands forth in the text of the parson as grave, In the crest and the helmet of warrior so brave— On the confines of earth and the bleak mountain's side, It goes out with the current, comes in with the tide; It thrills in the tones of the war trumpet's blast, And murmurs in pity when the battle is past. Flows soft in the streamlet and gleams in the stars, And prominent stands in the temple of Mars. It dwells not in the world, in air, or the sea.— Now, if you're done guessing—I pray come to tea. MRS. M. E. KENDALL.

## Continual Motion Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain ball moving in a circle, made just exactly one complete revolution of the said circle in the first hour of its movement; but clockwork in its speed, it moved the next hour only 99-hundredths (99/100) of another revolution; and now, supposing that the same ball would thus continue to move in endless time, in the self-same circle, and continually each successive hour would slack one-hundredth part of the speed that it would have moved the hour before. How many complete revolutions in the said circle do you suppose it would ever be able to make? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.  
Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

Which is the best way of retaining a woman's affections? Ana.—By not returning them.  
Why is a young lady just from boarding-school like a building committee? Ana.—Because she is ready to receive proposals.  
Why ought a woman to prefer a brewer's drayman for a husband? Ana.—Because he'll always support her (sup porter).  
What is the process by which twenty women, assembled in one room, can all be made equally handsome at the same moment? Ana.—Putting out the light.  
Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his "object" like a soldier? Ana.—Because he knows how to write about face.

## Answers to Last.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.—Industry and Economy.  
SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—"Be careful of nothing."—Phil. iv. 6.

1. B eer-lah-rol, Gen. xvi. 14.  
2. E phron, Gen. xlii. 17.  
3. C himham, 2 Sam. xix. 38.  
4. A gag, 1 Sam. xv. 9.  
5. E cobab, 2 Sam. iv. 6.  
6. E nrogl, 2 Sam. xvii. 17.  
7. F ellix, Acts xiv. 27.  
8. U ziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 21.  
9. L ydia, Acts xvi. 15.  
10. F ortunatus, 1 Cor. xvi. 17.  
11. O phir, 1 Kings ix. 26.  
12. R ehobam's, 1 Kings xii. 16.  
13. N aboth, 1 Kings xli. 18.  
14. O ded, 2 Chron. xxviii. 9.  
15. T apamea, 1 Kings xi. 10.  
16. H obab, 2 Kings xli. 4.  
17. I conium, 2 Tim. iii. 11.  
18. N abashon, Numb. vii. 12.  
19. G ebeal, 2 Kings v. 28.  
CHARADE.—Carpet-sack, (Car-pet-sack.)  
CHARADE.—Dolphin, (Doll-fa.)

Answer to PROBLEM by G. H. Bates, published Feb. 11th.—The observation was made at 7 o'clock 46m. 17 sec. A. M., if made in N. latitude.—Morgan Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM by D. Diefenbach, same date.—In 1 year; overrunning the debt something better than one-half cent.—D. D.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, same date.—308927, 2771468, 4887319, and 6690230.—A. M.

Morgan Stevens corrects the answer given to his Problem published Jan. 7th. The answer is 284,558 lbs.

A. Martin corrects the answer to his, same date. It is 254,558 pounds.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, published Feb. 25th.—1, 27, 64, 126, 212.—G. H. Bates, Morgan Stevens, and Jan. M. Greenwood.

G. H. Bates's answer to his, of same date.—47,9418. Morgan Stevens sends the same answer.

Answer to A. Martin's, same date.—28536, and 31898.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's, Feb. 25th.—\$4,300, A's money; \$2,760, B's money.—H. Hallmark, Morgan Stevens, and Jan. M. Greenwood.

Answer to G. H. Bates's, same date.—72,9418. —Jan. M. Greenwood and H. Hallmark.